

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, JULY 15, 1822.

Travels

IN GREECE, TURKEY, AND THE HOLY LAND.

Concluded.

THE church of the Holy Sepulchre has been described in so exact a manner, that I shall forbear a repetition of what has been so often said respecting it: the plan of the edifice is so irregular, that it requires a considerable time to come at the distribution of the parts. The dome of the circular church in the middle of which the chapel of the Sepulchre is placed, was burned on the twelfth of October, 1807, and was rebuilt six months after, conformably to the plans of a Greek architect of Constantinople, named Coméano Calfa. The Latins ascribe this accident to the Armenians and Greeks, without whose riches, however, the restoration could not have been made. Accordingly, the Greeks find in the rebuilding, a pretext for excluding the Latin Catholics from the Holy Sepulchre.

The cupola, built of stone cemented with stucco, and open like that of the Pantheon at Rome, is supported by six pilasters, each separated by an arcade, which forms a circular gallery, divided between the different communions admitted into this basilick.

The Holy Sepulchre is a low marble altar, seven feet in length, and two and a half in breadth, enclosed in a small square chapel built of marble, lighted by rich and magnificent lamps, and entirely covered by hangings of velvet. A painting within, above the

sacred stone, represents the triumph of Jesus Christ over death. It is impossible not to feel a profound emotion, not to be impressed with a religious awe, on seeing this humble tomb, the possession of which has given rise to more disputes than that of the finest earthly thrones; of this tomb the power of which has survived empires, which has been so often bedewed with tears of repentance and of hope, and from above which the most ardent supplications daily ascend to heaven. In this mysterious tabernacle, before this altar of perfumes, to which our attention has been directed from our earliest infancy, we feel an irresistible influence—an overpowering delight. This is the land promised by the prophets, and guarded by angels, to which the tiara of Constantine, and the brilliant helmet of Tancred did homage. Lastly, it would seem that the regards of the Eternal are more specially fixed on this monument, the sacred pledge of the pardon and redemption of man.

I quitted the chapel, and spent an hour in visiting the different stations, which the Italian monks who accompanied me explained. By several lateral naves, beneath lofty vaults supported by columns of an order of architecture unknown to me, we proceeded, sometimes amid the glare of thousands of lamps, and at others feebly aided by the uncertain light let in by small glaz-

ed windows. "Here," said my conductors, "Christ was scourged ; here," proceeding onward, "his head was invested with the crown of thorns ;" and, still farther, "here lots were drawn for his garments." Having ascended by a flight of steps winding spirally round an enormous pillar, we entered another church, on the pavement of which they imprinted kisses : it was Golgotha. A monk who was still busied in reciting his prayers, pointed to a gate through which the cleft in the rock where our Saviour's cross was fixed was to be seen. "Here," said he "is the place where opprobrium and sorrow aided death to consummate the triumph of sin. Here was committed the crime which dismayed the heavens, scared the sepulchres, and shook the remotest foundations of the earth."

Christians of Coptos, of Yemen, and of Abyssinia, were there prostrated at the side of the pilgrim of Tobolsk, of Novogorod, or of Teflis. In quitting this hallowed spot, I said to myself, alas ! that the sensations which these great remembrances kindle in my soul should be vain, useless, and lost to others ! What has the obscure traveller, sentenced to oblivion, whose passage through life will not leave any earthly trace, to do here ? How is he to speak of Jerusalem, he whose noblest emotions were stifled between the prejudices and the conformities of the old world ? Can he comprehend these mysterious and prophetic monuments, he whose regrets, the sad inheritance of the commerce of men, and the passions of youth, are what alone bind him to the earth ?

But what an unknown and divine language would have been revealed to Dante, to Milton, to Racine, and to Klopstock, if they had come hither to listen, during the still solemnity of the night, to the sorrowful hymns of the

daughters of Jerusalem :—if the golden harps of these immortal bards had accompanied their pathetic strains amid the ruins of the temple of Israel !

Lastly, from the summit of Mount Sion, like the bird whose soaring aspect dares to fix itself stedfastly on the sun, Raphael might have snatched a few additional traits to represent the full majesty of Jehovah.

With respect to the general effect of the interior of this edifice, I may refer those who wish to form an appropriate idea of it, to one of the fine paintings of Rembrandt, more particularly to that of the woman taken in adultery. In treating the subject of the Samaritan, this painter has been so happy, that one would be led to suppose he had spent all his life in Palestine. Pousin painted the people of God listening to his voice in the desert ; and Rembrandt has brought about the resurrection of the Scribes and Pharisees.

In quitting the holy Sepulchre, and following the route of Mount Calvary, pilgrims repair to what is called the palace of Pilate : this is a large fabric, surmounted by a tower, and evidently bears, in its ensemble, and each of its details, the character of saracenic architecture. I was permitted to ascend to a high terrace, where I descried the immense space formerly occupied by the temple of Solomon ; on its site are two mosques.*

I have observed that this space was immense ; two of its sides are surrounded by buildings supported by arcades. When I made a sketch of it, I had behind me the Pool of Probation ; (*piscina mirabilis*), and on my left, the long walls of Jerusalem shut in the eastern part of the great enclosure. The octagonal temple, placed in the centre, on a platform paved with marble, to which, passing beneath insulated porticos, there is an ascent of a

* The Turks are persuaded that Mahomet descended from heaven to bless these mosques ; and that he visited Jerusalem, mounted on his mare, *el-Borâq*, which is no other than an angel with the body of a winged horse, and the face of a woman. The prophet is to return to Jerusalem on the day of the last judgment, accompanied by Jesus Christ, *Rouh Allah*. (The spirit of God.) He will stride over the valley of Jehosaphat, with one of his feet placed on the temple, and the other on the Djebel-Tor. His robe will be formed of the skin of a young camel ; the souls of the just will nestle in it like so many insects ; and as soon as Mahomet perceives, by the weight of his garment, that the souls of all true believers have sheltered themselves beneath his wings, he will take his flight towards the ethereal expanse.

few steps, was perhaps built on the site of the *Sancta Sanctorum*; its form is, as well as its ornaments in the highly finished and tasteful style of Arabic architecture. The enclosed space at length terminates, being shut in towards the south by another temple, supported by the crenated walls of Jerusalem, which command, as well as the eastern wall, the valley of Jehosaphat.

The mussulmans insult all those not of their own faith, whose indiscreet curiosity has led them to peep narrowly through the porticos of the *Ecce Homo*: they make a boast of having refused Sir Sidney Smith† the favour of visiting these monuments.

I blush at the small effect produced by my feeble sketch, when I bring to my recollection the magical effect of the light on these edifices, so varied in the colour of their ornaments, and so elegant in their details. A plain of turf, overspread with fountains, tombs, and palms, envelops this marble platform: its reverberated light is blended with the lustre of the enamel and gold with which the mosques are covered. To the west, behind the ramparts, and beyond the torrent of Cedron, (*el-buald*), the mount of olives (*Djebel Tor*), terminates in the hamlet of Siloan: beyond, in a landscape embellished by the illusion of a brilliant and gilt vapour, are to be seen the hills of Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, and the mountains of Arabia.

The present mosques built by Omar, felt the dreadful vengeance of the Crusaders. Saladin to purify the temple from the religious stain, had the pavements and walls washed, when he made himself master of Jerusalem, in 1188. Five hundred camels, it is said scarcely sufficed to bring from Yemen the prodigious quantity of rose water employed in this lustral ceremony.

I walked round the walls of Jerusalem: it is said that this city has a circumference of 4500 paces. The gate of Sion, and the *Sterquilinary* gate (*Porta Sterquilini*) lie to the south, as does likewise that of *Naby Daoud*. The Roman architecture of the gilt gate, *Bâb el-Dahrié*, which has for a long time been filled up with stone,

† After the defence of Saint Jean d'Acre.

is apparently of Hadrian's time. The Christians of Syria are persuaded that Jesus Christ made his entry into Jerusalem by this gate, for which they have a great veneration. *Bâb el Sbal*, or *Bâb, el-Setty-Mariam*, situated to the east, leads, as well as *Bâb el Dahrie*, to the valley of Jehosaphat. The gate of Damascus, *Bâb el-Amoud*, stationed to the north, is the one the form of which appeared to me the most romantic and most picturesque. Lastly, to the west, is the gate of Ephraim, together with that of Bethlehem, or the well-beioved, *Bâb el Khalyl*. The walls are high, crenated, and provided with square towers from distance to distance. Godfrey of Bouillon took Jerusalem by assault on the 12th of July 1099, at three in the afternoon, on the side of the gate of Damascus. This is still the part of the ramparts easiest of attack; Jerusalem would with difficulty hold out a few days against the weakest battery which might be erected above the grotto of Jeremiah.

Jerusalem, in Arabic *el Quods*, (the holy) is situated between two hills, *Acra* and *Moria*. When Hadrian rebuilt this city, Mount Calvary was enclosed within the ramparts. *Golgotha* is a point of the hill of *Moria*, so inconsiderable, that it is entirely locked in the principal nave of the church of the holy Sepulchre. It is thought that Jerusalem still contains twenty-five thousand inhabitants, Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Armenians: not more than two hundred Christian families are to be found in it. The compass of the city would easily contain six times that number of inhabitants; and, accordingly, great parts of its steep and unpaved streets are without inhabitants: spacious houses, churches, and monasteries, have been entirely abandoned.

I frequently passed over these deserted spots, and had to force my way through thickets, brambles and the stems of the prickly pear. Ivy creeps along the walls, and the aloes grow in security on the terraces, and in the fissures of the steeples. The palm, neglected in the gardens, shoots up to the loftiest of the cornices: its fruit, which no one gathers, becomes the food of the solitary bird. I have fre-

quently passed several hours seated on the summit of a terrace of a tower, or of a minaret : my soul was dejected at the sight of this terrible desolation.

"All that pass by clap their hands at thee ; they kiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, IS THIS THE CITY THAT MEN CALL THE PERFECTION OF BEAUTY, THE JOY OF THE WHOLE EARTH !"

Lamentations of Jeremiah.

I was present at all the disastrous scenes which, during my stay, passed in this unfortunate city, the constant theatre of the passions of men, and the wrathful vengeance of heaven. How often was the air rent with exclamations of grief ! how often was the blood of its citizens, equally bereft of the means of extinguishing the fire which consumed it, and the fury of its vanquishers, wantonly spilled ! The most terrible scenes were incessantly presented to my view : the flames of the temple ascended into the highest regions of the air, which they kindled : the celestial hosts saw them with a holy terror consume those altars, whence had before issued the vapours of sweet perfumes, the mysterious cloud of the incense of Israel !

I left Jerusalem on the 25th of November, by the gate of Ephraim to visit the Sepulchres of the kings. They are situated two miles from the city, in a quarry thirty feet in depth, square, and divided into two courts by a rock in the form of a wall, which appeared to me to be from 4, to 5 feet in thickness : the entrance into the second court is by a round gate, so low, that it is necessary to stoop exceedingly to pass through it. The four sides of this quarry are hewn perpendicularly : an opening, eight feet in height, and in length about thirty, made in one of them, passes eight feet into the rock. The left side of this artificial cavern has so narrow a door, that the first chamber cannot be entered without creeping : this chamber, which is small, is followed by three others, each of which has an out-jutting, or projecting tablet, on which the embalmed bodies

were laid. The doors by which these sepulchres were shut, were of stone, as were likewise their hinges, which were skilfully wrought. A large serpent, and enormous bats, were what alone I met with in this dismal place. At the entrance of the vault is to be seen an elegant frieze, in the finest taste, sculptured in the rock. History does not throw any light on the date of this monument ; but the sculptures of the pediment may have belonged to the epoch when Herod the Great governed Judea. The Sepulchres of the judges are at some distance from those of the kings. The ruins of several cisterns prove that an attempt was formerly made to cultivate the sterile space by which they are separated : the naked rock is almost every where to be seen, with olives of a feeble growth in its clefts, surrounded by brambles which elbow them, as if angry that their inheritance should be thus usurped.

Jerusalem is the city of tombs ; the valleys of Halcedoma and Jehosaphat are covered with them ; and the living appear to have no other task assigned to them than that of keeping watch over these numberless ashes. The rocks are all excavated to receive bones, and the sides of the mountains incumbered with sepulchral stones : mysterious inscriptions protect from the efforts of of time the memorial of those whose remembrance was so soon effaced in the heart of man. Such are these places of lamentations—these vales of tears—these vast annals of death.

Near several ancient olives the place is shewn to you which was bathed by the sweat of the blood of Jesus Christ,* where was presented to him the bitter cup of opprobrium and death ; and, proceeding onward, the place where the faithful still fancy they see him carried up to heaven, leaving behind him a brilliant and luminous lustre. Marks of human feet are imprinted in the rock : these the pilgrim regards with a pious confidence : he no sooner applies his forehead, full of care, to this miraculous spot, than all his fatigues and sufferings are forgotten.

* But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water.—*John*, chap. 19, v. xxxiv.

The bazars of Jerusalem, in which a few merchants and manufacturers are still to be found, are vaulted and spacious; every thing about them announces that, instead of having been occupied, as they are at present, by timid and needy inmates, these magazines were formerly the residence of those Asiatic merchants who traded in the perfumes of Arabia, in the pearls of the Ganges, and in the tissues of Lahor. Long rows of camels press forward beneath the arch-roofs; the assembled groups make way for them; the leader of the caravan wrapped in his *gilabias*,[†] and mounted on the favourite dromedary, laying his right hand on his breast, salutes the passers by; the latter answer his salutation; and while they propound questions to him, the dervich bestows his benediction on the traveller who prostrates himself before him.

I paid occasional visits to an old and rich Jew, a native of Constantinople, to whom I had letters of recommendation: he was come to die in the city of David. Raphaël-Baruch Motro spoke the Spanish language with purity; his conversation was lively and engaging; he was a profound observer; and the philosophy he had acquired in the course of his long travels was mild and liberal. I have met with few men who, knowing the world so well as he did, spoke of it with less ill-humour. His house, which he was fitting up with the greatest care, had cost him five hundred purses.[‡] At this time, among the papers of a brother of Baruch Motro, who died at Jerusalem, was accidentally found a contract passed between him and two rabbins, which secured to this credulous Jew a commodious place in Abraham's bosom, at the moderate cost of eight hundred purses.

Abou-Souan, the second drogoman of the convent of the Holy Sepulchre, introduced me to his family; his house was small but commodious; and I occasionally called to rest myself after

my long walks. The eldest of the four sisters of Abou-Souan was eighteen years of age; but in Syria a girl is marriageable at twelve: these young females were all of them either agreeable or handsome. The youngest, Angela, who was aged thirteen, had fine eyes, teeth like pearls, and an expressive and timid physiognomy, accustomed to be half concealed by a veil. The Christian females of Jerusalem never go abroad without being wrapped in a black mantle: the most aged and tottering are scrupulous on this head; and it is inconceivable how they can make their way, with such an encumbrance, in streets so narrow and badly paved. It is a favour to find admission to a Christian family, to see the women there with the face uncovered, and to receive from them the coffee, the rose water, and the pipe which they fill with aloes, and which, having lighted, they gracefully present.

Nothing can be more gloomy and dismal than Jerusalem, when the north wind pregnant with showers, whistles through the battlements of the ramparts, is ingulfed in the deserted streets, or groans in the cloisters and corridors of the convent. I was lodged in a cold chamber, which received the light from a small grated window: it commanded the view of a garden terminated by the high walls of the city.

The climate of Jerusalem is frequently rigorous during winter: snow sometimes falls; and the cold was somewhat intense when we prepared to leave it.

The second of December was the day fixed for my departure from Jerusalem: I quitted the monks with a secret presentiment of the calamities which were afresh to overtake them. The convoy, drawn up in good order, took the road of the terebinthine vale: the day, which had been at first overcast, became very fine. When we reached the village of Jeremiah, the chief residence of the Arabs of Abou Goch, we found that numerous **Vaby-*

† A large mantle striped with black and white.

‡ Upwards of six hundred pounds sterling.

* Tribe, family. The Arabs commonly bestow on the inhabitants of a country the name of "child" of that particular territory; they thus name the Egyptians Oulad Masr; the Syrians Oulad Cham, &c. The fathers commonly add to their own name that of their first born son: they accordingly say *Mohamed Abou Qasem*, Mohamed, the father of Qasem.

leh in almost an entirely ruined state : they offered us, among other refreshments, honey, and sour mare's milk ; and we partook of every thing not to displease our hosts. I was indebted for this kind reception to the friendship of Ibrâhym Abd-el Rahmân, brother of Abou Goch, the chief of this tribe : we had formed an acquaintance at the house of the governor of Jerusalem ; and he insisted on my visiting his establishment in the desert. Ibrâhym occasionally inhabits Keyet-Lef-ta, or the valley of el-Byr.

There is an extreme difference of temperature between the mountains of Judea and the sea-shore : it was winter at Jerusalem, and spring at Jaffa. We were delighted at breathing the perfume exhaled by the oranges and lemons which lie before Jaffa, on the road of the ancient Arimathea. These gardens are planted without symmetry and without art ; brooks flow amid rows of trees pressing on each other ; the flowers and fruits with which the branches are loaded, make them yield beneath their weight, and cool themselves in the water as it gently murmurs along ; while beautiful palms rise like so many minarets above this balmy forest. It is impossible to convey an idea of the pleasure the traveller feels when he penetrates into these groves, after having had his eyes fixed throughout the day on a scorching strand, and his ears struck by the shrill and incessant cries of an Arab population, which seems to be always menacing, and always in revolt.

How often in this fine climate, have I regretted the fogs and clouded sky of France ! How often have my eyes been sorrowfully turned towards the west ! When, after having seen in each of the countenances I met the expression of hatred, I returned to the convent of Jaffa, the mild and affectionate benevolence of the European monks comforted my heart, made it expand, and recalled to it its dearest affections.

In my chamber a young swallow was my companion ; it settled every evening on a peg in the ceiling ; and each morning, at sun-rise, I gave my little friend his liberty. It is not im-

probable that he came from France ; and he may have quitted a roof which sheltered the objects of my tender solicitude.

A sudden indisposition on the eve of my departure from Jaffa, was the more distressing to me, because it seemed to be the forerunner of a severe fit of illness. I submitted to a Turkish remedy ; and a mixture of coffee and punch, made very warm, fortunately enabled me to get on horseback, the following morning, although I was not as yet fully assured that I should have sufficient strength to prosecute my journey. In Syria not any medical aid, nor succour of any description, is to be had ; and the sick must submit to the award of nature, either to recover or to die, without the intervention of man.

Having determined to repair to Damietta by crossing Palestine and the Desert, I did not allow myself to be discouraged by various difficulties attendant on such a journey. The whole of the city of Jaffa assisted in the preparations for our departure. Our caravan was very numerous : the streets were encumbered with the camels, the dromedaries, and Mehemet's guard : janissaries ill treated the Arabs, who uttered hideous exclamations ; our affrighted horses sprung and pranced, while, in the interim, the cowls of the good monks, who braved the insults of this multitude, were blended with turbans of so many colours, while they bade us adieu. I succeeded at length in extricating myself from this crowd, a small portion of which was so insolent, and the remainder so destitute and wretched.

The step of the dromedary* was at first so painful to me, that I thought I should be greatly inconvenienced during a journey of such a length ; but I found in the sequel that the motion was supportable. I contrived to seat myself pretty well on the back of this enormous animal, so tractable, so gentle, and so sure of foot : I found a greater difficulty, however, in accustoming myself to the hideous guttural cries of this poor animal, every time he was forced to lie down, either to enable

* Surnamed, by the Arabs, *the ship of the desert*.

me to mount on his back, or to alight. —At ten at night, we halted on a plain overspread with heath: while some were busied in collecting dry wood, others kindled a fire near a heap of ashes which indicated that another caravan had recently passed. Thus far, we had to cross immense uncultivated plains: neither palms nor sycamores were to be seen; and the monotony of this barren waste was alone varied by clayey ravines, and the beds of dried torrents. During the whole of the evening the screams of the jackals were what alone interrupted the solitude; and during the night our people were obliged to discharge their pistols, to drive away these unpleasant neighbours, who swarmed about the tent. I slept soundly, nevertheless, until four in the morning, when I was awakened by the pious hymn of the camel-drivers. The caravan was composed of nine persons, four of whom were mounted on dromedaries: the baggage, water, and provisions, were carried by five camels. Our Arabs preceded us on foot.

The herds of antelopes are at times so numerous as in a great measure to obscure the horizon. A few hares, the course of which the eye is enabled to follow for nearly a league, and a few tortoises crawling slowly to their retreats: these, and these alone, are the objects which attract the traveller's notice in the Desert. Not the warbling of one bird meets his ear to cheer this landscape, the monotony of which is so awfully striking: the solemn stillness of the scene is alone interrupted by the thunderclap, or by the deaf howlings of the tempest.

We fell in with two caravans only: several Arab women followed the latter on foot, carrying their children on their hips, and a pitcher on their head. Their husbands were naked with the exception of the loins, which were covered with a leathern girdle to which was attached a piece of stuff as small as could be well contrived for the purpose.

The Arab of the Desert is a far superior character to the Arab who dwells in a city: he is hospitable, faithful to his promise, and is sensible of the full

value of his independence. The Bedouin passes without longing through the bazars of Cairo and of rich Damascus: he is not to be seen, under any circumstances, struggling against his destiny. Civilized man expects from life what it can never bestow on him: in his inquietude, he makes the most strenuous efforts to remount the current of a rapid river, which the Bedouin Arab descends with resignation. All those we met with on our route accosted us with the most confident benevolence: with the right hand laid on the breast, they tendered us their pious wishes: *God is great he will protect your journey and ours*, was their usual formula in addressing us. *Alla kerym* and *In châ Allah* terminated the conversation which had commenced by multiplied *saïems*, the salutation of peace.

In the evening my people laid out their repast beneath the tent. We were not long in taking it; for it was our custom to refresh ourselves with sleep, at eight, or nine o'clock at the latest, to be enabled to set out at three in the morning.

The heat which prevailed during the day, was augmented by the powerful action of the reverberation of the sun's rays on the plains of salt: The humidity of the nights produces a sensation of the most piercing cold: these dews were occasionally so abundant, that it became very difficult to kindle a fire: our tent was as wet in the morning as if it had been dipped in water.

After their repast, our Arabs drew up in a circle, and each in his turn told a story: by the physiognomies of those who listened to him, it was easy to judge of the interest of the recital.

One evening they appeared to be more attentive, and to feel a greater emotion, than usual: I wished to know the cause of this, and procured from Abou Doaud, our interpreter, the translation of a tale which must have been much more pathetic from the lips of Ibrâhym el-Arish. "My lord," said the drogoman to me, "I have heard it repeated several times "by a Monk of Jaffa: I am almost certain I can tell it as well as he did."

THE HISTORY OF ISMAYL AND MARYAM.

IN the continual quarrels which subsisted between the Arabs of the Desert, and the Motsallam of Jerusalem, the people of the latter surprised and made prisoner, near the valley of Be-çâa, a young cheykh who had already distinguished himself by his valorous achievements. He was named Ismayl, the son of Ahmed, the son of Bâhir : his father was chief of the tribe of *Ouahydyeh*, one of the most considerable of Barr el Châm.* Ismayl defended himself with the courage of the lions he had so often attacked in the sands of Mâan and Karac. Being desperately wounded, it was not without great difficulty that he was transported to Jerusalem, where he was lodged, with his head resting on a column, in the court of the Governor's Palace. The paleness of death overspread his sunburnt visage, without changing the masculine and dignified beauty of his features : his stiff and chilled limbs, however, seemed to announce that he who was the rampart of the Desert, and the terror of Syria, would soon yield up the ghost. But his blood still flowed ; and what pity denied, was inspired by a sordid interest. The motsallam, expecting a considerable ransom for the only son of the cheykh of the *Ouahydyeh*, ordered the drogoman of the convent of the Holy Land, who had the reputation of a skilful physician, to be called. "Hakim,"† said he to him, "seeing that thou hast received from heaven the gift of curing men, and that my people see in thee a second Averroès, I will confide to thee this prisoner, if thou thinkest that thou canst save his life : let him be conveyed to thy dwelling. Swear that thou wilt bring this slave into my presence on the twentieth day of the noon of schowal : if thou failest, if he escape thy vigilance, the treason be on thy head. The half of his ransom shall be the reward of this service."

The drogoman bowed his head, ex-

amined the wounds of the young cheykh, and, after laying his hand successively on his breast, on his beard, and on his forehead, said, "My Lord, what thou hast commanded shall be done : deliver up to me this slave, and I will endeavour to restore him to thee worth all the ransom which thy justice has a right to expect."

The expiring youth was conveyed to the house of the drogoman, who was named Youhannâ ebn-Temyn. The fire of charity warmed the heart of this Christian man : he dwelt near the gate of St. Stephen, on the *via dolorosa*,‡ and the garden of his house was formed on the ruins of one of the walls of the *piscina probatica*,§ to the bottom of which it descended.

Maryam, the most beautiful of the daughters of Palestine, heard the sounds of redoubled blows : having discerned the voice of Ebn-Temyn, her father, she opened the door, which was barricaded like those of all the Christians of Jerusalem, and was not a little surprised at seeing him enter with the inanimate body of the young cheykh. "My daughter," said the drogoman, "I bring to thee one in affliction ;" and thenceforth compassion was depicted on the celestial countenance of Maryam. "He is of the most formidable chiefs of those Bedouins, the son of Ahmed, the cheykh of the *Ouahydyeh*." . . . "What ! so young," said she ; "and is it he who made himself so terrible to the Bethlehemites ! O my father, let us pardon him : bring to thy remembrance the history of the Samaritan. If thy art could save this unfortunate youth !" — "Haste, run !" replied to her Ebn-Temyn, "bring the balm of zaggoum, and stripes of linen."

With hasty steps she departed. Ismayl was laid on the plain divan of the drogoman. Maryam got ready the folded linen : on her knees, she supported in her arms the drooping head of the youth, and waited impatiently

* Syria.

† Doctor. Physician.

‡ The road by which our Saviour was led to crucifixion.

§ A pool at Jerusalem where the sheep intended for sacrifice were washed.

the opinion her father was about to form of the state of Ismayl. Alas ! a sigh, perhaps the latest, is ready to escape his lips : the strong throbs which heave the bosom of the young virgin do not rekindle in his bosom the torch of life. Maryam watches the slightest movement, the smallest spark : she sees for the first time a man—a stranger—she contemplates with an ardent pity the closed eyes of the Bedouin, whose long black lids cast their shadow on his wan cheeks. On the breast of Ismayl a deep wound has been inflicted ; Ebn-Temyn thinks it mortal : Maryam shudders, and presses to hers the sad burden she supports. One of her hands holds what has been prepared to quench the blood which flows abundantly on the sash and unfolded turban of the Bedouin. Her tears, which she cannot wipe away, bathe the brow of the young man : this potent balm might have awakened him from the last sleep ; he opens his eyes, and fixing them stedfastly on this ravishing beauty, in the delirium of the fever which consumes him, “Mahomet,” he exclaims, “am I at length in thy divine Paradise !” . . . —“O Virgin, mother of the true God,” cries Maryam, “he is still alive ! blessed be thy name : help this poor infidel, for without thee our endeavours will be vain.”

During the time of his long confinement, Ebn-Temyn and his daughter did not quit the son of Ahmed for an instant. He saw almost unceasingly, by day and by night, the expression of the softest pity embellish the features of Maryam : words of kindness afforded the hope of a better destiny to this ardent youth, whose ignominious bonds galled him more sorely than the sufferings he endured.

In the mean time Ismayl recovered strength, and his heart paid back with interest the debt of his life. His soul was filled with love and gratitude. As soon as he was able to walk Maryam led him beneath the sycamore the branches of which overshadowed the house and garden of Ebn-Temyn : seated side by side, it was her delight to call on him to relate the wars of his tribe, the revenge taken by the *Ouahydyeh* on the perfidious Gezzar, the

particulars of his family, and his pleasures in the Desert. The evening surprised them in the midst of these long and agreeable reveries, from which they were at length roused by the voice of the *mouezzin*, who, from the lofty minaret of the rich mosque of El-Harem, called the mussulmans to prayers.

“Maryam,” said the Arab to her, “thou makest me forget my father, the Prophet, and my tribe. Within these gloomy and high walls which shut out the light of heaven, thy eyes are become the only stars I wish to follow. Either will my bones become light ashes, to be the sport of the wind of *yamyn*, or I will plant for thee the nuptial tent in the desert : my father and mother will leap for joy at thy sight ; all the *Ouahydyeh* will kiss the skirt of the robe of Ebn-Temyn ; and the girls of the *gabyleh* will contend for the honor of washing the dust from thy feet.” Maryam, confused and moved to pity, replied to him that she was a Christian—that every thing in this life separated them. “Death, alas !” she added, with a sad presentiment, “will perhaps be more just.”

In the interim, the pacha of Damascus, covetting the treasures of the *motsallam* of Jerusalem, called him to his divan, and reproached him with his extortions : his head fell by the stroke of the cimeter ; and those eyes, a single glance from which would, the evening before, have terrified all Judea, became dim. A favourite of the pacha was appointed governor of Jerusalem : being desirous to repay the favour his patron had conferred on him by an acceptable present, he levied contributions, as well on the convent of the Holy Sepulchre, as on those of the Armenians and Greeks : twenty of the richest Jews sunk under the merciless blows of the staffs of the *chiaoux*. Grief and consternation prevailed throughout the whole city of Jerusalem. “Listen, son of Ahmed,” said the drogoman to the cheykh confided to his care : “bound by a sacred oath towards the last *motsallam*, I have not made any promise to his successor : if thy strength will enable thee, profit by the confusion which prevails in the city ; go out to morrow at sunset, by the gate

of Naby Daoud; conceal thyself in the grottoes of Haceldama, where the sepulchres will afford thee a sacred asylum; and afterwards direct thy steps with prudence towards the Desert. May the God who sent thee to my house, protect thy flight, and may he bestow on thee, as on those whose blood flow in thy veins, long life." Maryam blushed on hearing these words: the cup, filled with the drink she was about to offer, fell from her hand.

"O my father," said Ismayl, "wherefore is it that thou wouldest have me sever myself from thee, when danger menaces those my heart will never abandon? That cruel man Abdallah, now persecutes the chief men of Jerusalem; but, when this new motsallam shall have sacrificed the dromedaries, his hand will slay the ewes and shear the tender lamb. He will recollect the combat of Tiberiades, when he shall be told that Ismayl is a captive; and not any ransom will be the purchase of my life: *there is blood* between us and the children of our children. Soon will Abdallah demand of thee an account of the slave; and thy mouth, the daughter of truth, what reply will it have to make? Let us rather flee together; or if thou wilt plight thy faith to me, I will proceed towards my father: he will draw near to Pharan with the children of his tribe, gentle as antelopes, and courageous as lions; and I will bring a docile camel, which Maryam will guide without difficulty. Accompanied by her, thou wilt come out to meet us at the entrance of the valley of Gaza, and shouts of joy will welcome thee among the sons of the *Ouahydyeh*. We will await thy coming during the last three days of the moon of sepher; and I will watch unceasingly on the heights of Ebor to discern thine arrival."

"My father," said Maryam, embracing his knees, "the offer of this young man is an inspiration of heaven: yesterday I prostrated myself before the altar of the virgin, and my heart divined all that he has proposed to us. Let us flee from the first blows of these barbarians: the hand of God will afterwards dispel this storm: this powerful God will look down upon his people

with compassion: but I conjure thee, let us depart without loss of time."

Ebn-Temyn, struck by the wisdom of these words, and by his daughter's grief, yielded to her prayer. Every thing having been agreed on, and all the measures taken, Ismayl addressed to them the parting wish. "May you pant after the sight of the camp of Ahmed, the son of Bahir, as the wearied traveller pants after that of the Oasis!" This project, however, was soon disconcerted: the tumult had become such in the streets of Jerusalem, that Ebn-Temyn would not consent to allow his guest to depart: he even obliged him to conceal himself beneath the vaults of the cistern, there to wait a more favourable moment. After this precaution he ascended more tranquilly to Maryam, with whom he was conversing when a party of spahis came to seize him. He had been denounced by a perfidious Greek, and was conducted to the motsallam: his daughter never saw him more.

What little Ebn-Temyn possessed was confiscated. Maryam, in despair, hastened to throw herself at the feet of the superior of the monks of the Holy Land, to conjure him to sue for her father. The monastery was surrounded by soldiers, and the monks menaced. "My daughter," said the most reverend father to Maryam. "Our Lord has inflicted on us a deep wound, and you, of all the victims, are subjected to the severest trials: offer up your griefs to Him who, at this very spot, voluntarily drank of the cup, even unto the dregs: daughter of Jesus Christ, your father is no more."

The wretched girl was ignorant of this deplorable loss: she fell motionless. By the time she had recovered her senses, she was surrounded by several Christian women, who wept, and resisted her being taken before the governor. This man, having been informed of the beauty of Maryam, was desirous to present to the pacha of Damascus a gift sweet as incense, and well worthy his acceptance. The prayers of the monks however, and their money, delayed this measure for a few hours. They were in hopes that they should be enabled to shield the young

Christian from all further inquiries by confiding her to the nuns of Bethlehem; but news was brought in the evening that that city likewise had been delivered up to the fury of the Metoualis. Information was at the same time received, that the convent of Jerusalem, and the church of the Holy Sepulchre were to be forced in the night. From that moment every one betook himself to flight, as the only resource. The women concealed themselves with their children, in the deep caverns containing the tombs of the kings and judges. Courageous Christians scaled the walls, and buried the most precious of the relics in the sands of the grotto of Jeremiah, or in the depths of Siloe.

Dejected, dismayed, without any one to counsel her, and without an asylum, Maryam returned to Ismayl, whom she found worn out with anxious expectation. When he heard of the death of Ebn-Temyn, and witnessed the despair of his daughter, he foamed with rage, and breathed nothing but revenge. "If God," said she to him, "has still left me a little strength, it is that I might engage thee to depart. I have told in confidence every thing to the Father of the convent. Yousef, one of the janissaries to whom the protection of the monks is confided, has been brought over by them, and will facilitate thy flight: he has consented to conceal himself in the ruins of Bethamia, where the Arabs of Siloah will furnish him with a camel. It is night; gain the valley of Jehosaphat; thou wilt there find thy guide, who will wait for thee until the ninth hour. May God bless this journey, and may he accompany thy steps! Bring sometimes to thy remembrance Ebn-Temyn and his unfortunate daughter."—"Thou wilt not follow me," said Ismayl, "and thou proposest to me to flee?"—"I am a Christian," replied Maryam, "and am not permitted to be thy wife: but, Ismayl, if thou lovest me, save thy life; be happy in the desert: Maryam will not fail to find a refuge near the tomb of her God." Then, taking courage, she added with a voice half stifled by her tears: "the only grief which I could not support, would be that of forgetting my duties, or of seeing thee lose thy life; all others I shall be

able to resist." "Thou didst not imagine that I would depart," said Ismayl in a sorrowful tone of voice, laying down his weapons and his mantle: "I have not given thee reason to suspect the son of Ahmed of so dastardly an act. Was it thy wish to try me? And what signifies life to me when removed from what I love? What is it that I have just heard? Is it possible that thou canst live far from Ismayl? I remain, and I attest the Prophet that no earthly power shall drag me from thy presence." "Thou remainest," exclaimed Maryam, "and the death with which thou art menaced!" "I despise it," said Ismayl. "And thy father who expecteth thee, and the tribe which impatiently awaiteth thy coming!" "I remain," repeated Ismayl. "Wretch," replied Maryam, "dost thou not know that I cannot survive thee?"—"I will at least be the first to die," said Ismayl. These words emphatically pronounced had all their weight: they decided the fate of Maryam.

"Oh my God! what is to be done?" exclaimed the young girl, falling on her knees. "Ought I to quit this soil sprinkled with the blood of my father? Ought I to suffer Ismayl to perish? Am I then, a poor and desolate orphan to sacrifice him thus? If my father were living, a sacred duty would attach me to him; but, alone in the world, insulated, and without a prop, where is the tie that binds me? A numerous family would have to deplore the loss of Ismayl; and ought I to consent to his death? What matters the fate of Maryam? He will live, and may still be happy. Ismayl! save thy life, and dispose of mine: I depart with thee. Pardon me, O! holy Virgin, pardon me; and, if we are both culpable, punish me alone."

Not a moment was to be lost: directed by the light of the conflagration which consumed the convent of the Armenians, Ismayl and Maryam penetrated with great difficulty through the hedges of aloes which bound the gardens of the environs. They reached the wall which encompasses Jerusalem, and climbed over it with the help of a few Christians, to whom they rendered a like service. They might be seen—they might be heard—the small-

est noise might betray them : Ismayl knew for the first time what fear is. They hastened their steps : Maryam, accustomed to the sedentary life of the females of the East, found it difficult to follow her friend : he carried her in his arms. The minaret of Bethania was at length in sight : now it was that the son of Ahmed persuaded himself that he was master of the destiny of Maryam, who was still engaged in offering up thanks to heaven when they came to the ruins. They hastened to make the signal which had been agreed on ; but it was not answered : all was hushed ; the night was dark ; and the guide and the camel missing. Ismayl repeated the signal ; he searched in vain, for nought was to be seen : the ninth hour was certainly passed.

What was to be done ? How travel over sixty miles of dreary and rugged roads, without help, and without provisions, to have to find at the end of this journey, moving sands scorched by the sun. What obstacles will not love surmount ! Ismayl had not any difficulty in persuading Maryam that they ought to proceed. "I know," said he, "a spring midway between this and the land occupied by my tribe : near the fountain we shall find date-trees the fruit of which will nourish thee. I will carry thee : it will require two days only to accomplish this journey ; and if thy strength should fail thee, I will press thee to my bosom to restore it."

A pure and sacred love inwrapped them in its virginal robe : it tempered the ardour of their souls, where reigned a holy confidence—the tender and religious charm of a first love. Maryam readily believed what Ismayl said to her : they hastened to quit these solitary ruins : it was their wish to take advantage of the coolness of the night, to accomplish a small portion of their journey with less fatigue. Vain hope ! Maryam was already exhausted by fatigue : her tender feet were lacerated by the thorns. Ismayl saw her efforts and her sufferings, and his heart was broken. He took her in his arms, and carried her for a long time ; but he advanced slowly in treading on the sharp flints which his feet buried in the sand.

The rising sun displayed to their view the desert :—an immense plain of sand, reddened by its earliest rays, without a tree and without shelter. But this sight, far from dismaying Ismayl, gave him new courage : to him the Desert was the country and the image of liberty. "O ! Maryam," said he, "be of good cheer : before the end of this day we shall reach the fountain of Engaddi, and to-morrow we shall be with my father. Maryam, somewhat encouraged by these words, tried to conceal her sufferings : she attempted to walk, leaning on Ismayl ; but her paleness soon betrayed her, and she was near fainting when he again took her in his arms. Towards the close of this long journey, the Arab not yet fully recovered from the effect of his wound, also became weak, and still the tops of the palms of Engaddi were scarcely perceptible at the horizon : it appeared impossible to reach them before the hour of darkness should set in ; but Maryam languished : the thirst that consumed her scarcely allowed her to articulate one word. 'Twas for him that she was dying ! This recollection inspired the Bedouin with new courage : he walked, stopped, and walked again. The fear of losing the object of his adoration, diffused over his forehead a cold sweat : trembling, panting for breath, he pressed his treasure against his anxious bosom : yet a few steps, and they will reach the fountain so ardently desired. They reached it at length, both of them ready to sink ; and each, deprived of motion, lay stretched on the sand.

Ismayl rose, however, and dragged his wearied steps to the cistern : he took water in the palms of his hands, and moistened with it the lips of Maryam ; she slowly opened her eyes bedewed with tears, which a feeble smile tried vainly to disguise. Anxious about the condition of Ismayl, all her thoughts were concentrated in him. "Alas !" said the young girl, "without me thou wouldst not have been thus dying, and exhausted with fatigue." She accused herself ; and, while she lamented him she loved, tried to find, even in her sacrifices, the occasion of her own blame.

During the night, and the following day, they reposed beneath the date-trees. When Maryam fell into a broken sleep, Ismayl was at her feet, and watched over her; she then often uttered inarticulate and incoherent words, to which the Arab listened with a mixture of surprise and terror. The soft and bewitching spell of an oriental night seems to bring man into contact with heaven: the harmonies of these mysterious hours accompany alike the plaint of the sufferer, and the hymn of gratitude. Sometimes transient lights flit across the horizon like a fiery chariot, and tinge with a pale and fugitive red the fleecy clouds which hover over the summits of the mountains: these uncertain vapours then resemble the celestial intelligence which defend the children of the earth from the spirit of darkness. The savoury fruit of the date-tree and pure water soon restored the strength of Ismayl; but the daughter of Jerusalem will not recover her's. Under constant apprehensions for the safety of the young cheykh, she was anxious to depart. This third day was less painful than the others: Ismayl carried water and dates with which they might refresh themselves on the route.

They at length fell in with a party of Arab shepherds, who, moved by their sufferings, presented to them the milk of their mare, and bread baked in the ashes. The oldest of them who was united in bonds of friendship with the *Ouahydyeh* Arabs, undertook to be the guide of these poor fugitives, who directed their steps toward the valley of Harma; the shepherd aided them to climb the summits of Gabar, and to cross the torrent of Soéta, and the dreary waste of Hebron. "My daughter," said he to Maryam, "place thy trust in God: it is he who guided thy steps toward us in the pasturage of Edom. He hath snatched from me, to take unto himself, a beloved daughter, the only prop of my old age: thou bringest her to my remembrance. Grief loveth grief: lean on me, poor broken reed; together we shall resist the tempest." Maryam in the mean time, could scarcely drag her feeble limbs: the fountain of her tears was

dried up. In the evening, the piercing sight of the Arab enabled him to discover several horsemen stationed on a height: he concealed his friends behind a rock, and ran with haste towards these men, whom he perceived to be Arabs. The Bedouins no sooner descried the shepherd, than they descended the hill with the speed of lightning. "O! sons of the desert," exclaimed the old man, "can it be that ye are the children of the noble gabyleh of Ouahydyeh, the queen of Bosor and of Eblata?" "Yes, yes," exclaimed they all at once. The old man, without replying to them, returned to Ismayl, who confided to him his precious charge, to hasten towards his people, to send tidings to his father, and bring a camel. He returned a few instants after; and, falling on his knees before Maryam, said to her, "My sister take courage, all the tribe awaiteth thee, and I wish to restore unto thee a father."

Maryam was placed on a mare as gentle and swift as a kid: her lover, aided by one of the Arabs, supported her. She fainted several times before she reached the small circular plain of Harma, near unto which the old cheykh came out to meet her, with his wife and daughters. When they drew near to each other, Ismayl exclaimed unto him: "hekyd of the *Ouahydyeh*, O! my father, here is the angel who hath preserved unto thee thy son! let the new-born camel be killed in honour of her, and present unto her bread and salt." He afterwards related to him the misfortunes of the Christian maiden; and tears overflowed the venerable beard of the son of Bâhir. Alas! death had already taken possession of the heart of Maryam. The young sisters of Ismayl vainly tried to divert her: when it was thought that she was somewhat revived, they led her to the well of Laban: seated beneath the fig tree, the Arab maidens recounted to her their solitudes during the absence of their brother, and all that he told them of the benevolence and good offices of Ebn-Temyn. When they returned to the tent of the women, their mother, who anxiously expected them, spread open her arms to Maryam, call-

ed her her daughter, and treated her as she would have treated a beloved child in affliction ; she sent to Gaza to seek what it was thought might be agreeable or salutary to Maryam. "We are poor and ignorant in the desert," said she to her ; "but our hearts open to friendship, as the pomegranates of Ascalon open to the sun, by which they are coloured and sweetened."

Maryam was deeply moved by these marks of the simple and unfeigned interest taken in her welfare. She loved the young Cheykh ; but her piety, the terrors of another life, so cogent in the breast of a Christian female born at the foot of the sacred mountain of Golgotha—every reflection, in short, conspired to trouble her soul : she unceasingly thought she heard the voice of her father, who called her to his presence. In the mean time she was a prey to fever and want of rest. Ismayl intoxicated with love, saw Maryam descend slowly into the tomb ; enraged at fate, he wandered around the camp, and roared like a young lion wounded by the empoisoned shaft of the hunter. His father went out to seek him. "God is great," said Ahmed to him, "seeing that he has permitted the dove to seek refuge in my tent. Be persuaded, Ismayl, that this is a lucky sign to the *Ouahydyeh* : soothe, therefore, thy breast, more agitated than the waves of the great sea."

The tenderest cares were fruitless. One day, the head of Maryam fell on her breast, the last sigh escaped her pallid lips, and her pure soul took its flight towards the Almighty. All the roots which had supplied nourishment to this feeble plant had been cut off. The death of her father, religious scruples, a first love—every thing conspired to wither this flower which had a little time before been so resplendent in freshness and beauty. Ismayl, denied the relief of tears, continued sullen and pensive amid the lamentations of the females of his family. The old cheykh, dejected and dismayed, presided at the funeral obsequies : he concealed beneath the palms the mortal remains of the Christian Virgin, and had the crucifix which this unfortunate girl had constantly worn next

her heart, placed on her tomb. The words which have been so often employed to express the sharp agonies of man—would these words suffice to delineate the grief of Ismayl, of this child of nature, rebelling against her barbarous decrees ? It was in vain that his father presented to him a little nourishment ; that he spoke to him of the interests of the tribe ; and of the wars with which he was menaced : not a single word could be drawn from his lips. In the mean time the repose of this great family was about to be interrupted by the aga of Gaza ; and the council of the elders had just decided on a general retreat to the Desert of Mephaath, beyond the Black Sea in the country of the Moabites. Each individual belonging to the tribe was engaged in making preparations for departure, when, at the going down of the sun, that planet appeared surrounded by a circle of the colour of blood : the sky, which had suddenly assumed a yellowish hue, gave out a dim and livid light ; the birds, skimming the surface of the earth, fled towards the west ; the soil appeared luminous, while the air was dull and opaque : the motionless palm let fall towards the sand its flexible branches, which the slightest wind raises and tosses in air ; all was silent ; fear prevailed around ; and the plaintive moans of the animals announced the approach of the dreadful *semoum*, that pestilential wind, the terror of the desert. Ismayl, smiling at the prospect of this scourge, embraced the tomb of her whom he loved ; his hands dispersed the sand which covered her ; he touched, he pressed to his bosom the sheet, and raised the veil with which the virgin's face was covered. Ismayl contemplated with eager looks the traits which death still respected : Maryam appeared as if smiling on her friend. "Come," she seemed to say to him, "come, O ! my well beloved : quit the land of tribulation for the abode of peace."—"Yes," exclaimed Ismayl, pressing his lips on the icy forehead of Maryam, "receive the chaste kiss of the spouse of the sepulchre : I am about to burst my chains, and we shall be reunited for ever !" The wretched youth waited, with

an impatient joy the death which was to confound his remains with those of the object of his deep sorrows, of his agonizing pangs. In a little time a reddish cloud came from the east: the fury of the storm made a chaos of this tranquil desert: waves of sand came in conflict; the loftiest of the date-trees were deracinated; and a few minutes sufficed to heap up a val-

ley. Amid this fearful destruction Ismayl disappeared. Ah! He towards whom the prayer of the afflicted heart ascends still quicker than the incense of the tabernacles,—He who judges the most secret thoughts of men, without doubt wished to reunite these two noble and pure souls in the region of holy, eternal, and ineffable joys!

(English Magazines, May.)

“WALKING STEWART.”

DIED in London, April 1822, Mr. Stewart, generally known as the “Walking Stewart.” This most extraordinary man was born in Bond-street, and educated at the Charter-house. In the year 1763, he was sent out a writer to Madras, and was employed as secretary to the Nabob of Arcot, and expended a large sum in giving official entertainments by order of his master. Within two years after his arrival in India, at the age of 18, he determined on leaving his situation in the company’s service, assigning as a reason, that he was resolved to travel, the *amor videndi* being irresistible—that he would see, if he could, the whole world—that he would unlearn all he had learned—that he would become an Automathes, think and act for himself. In pursuance of this resolution, he addressed a letter to the Court of Directors, which, from its juvenile insolence and audacity, is preserved on their records to this day; in which he tells them he was born for nobler pursuits, and higher attainments, than to be a copier of invoices and bills of lading to a company of grocers, haberdashers, and cheese-mongers. Within a few weeks after writing this epistle, he took his leave of the presidency, and began his pedestrian life.—Some of his friends lamenting his abrupt departure, and thinking he might be involved in pecuniary difficulties, sent after him, begging him to return, and offering him assistance. He replied to their invitation, that he thanked them, that his resolution was taken, that his finances were small, but adequate to his wants. He

prosecuted his route over Hindostan, and *walked to Delhi*, to Persepolis and other parts of Persia. He visited Abyssinia and Ethiopia. He entered the Carnatic, and became known to the then Nabob, who conceived an esteem for him, which eventually in his latter days became the means of his support, for the Nabob appointed him his private secretary. A few years ago the House of Commons, in order to spare Mr. Stewart’s feelings, granted him 15,000*l.* to liquidate his demands on the Nabob. Quitting the Carnatic, he adopted the mad resolution of walking to Seringapatam, which he effected; when, there, Tippoo, hearing that a European had entered his city, ordered him to be immediately arrested, and directed him to appear before him at his Durbar. He questioned him as to his motive for coming to his kingdom:—he answered, solely a desire to see it. Tippoo told him he must consider himself as his subject, and as such, a military one, and he must be enrolled in his army; and that as he appeared a gentleman, he would make him, after some tactical instruction, a Captain of Sepoys. He became one, and was engaged in several affairs against the Mahrattas, and was wounded in the right arm. He continued a *detenu* of Tippoo’s several years, until the late Sir James Sibbald, bart. then at Bombay, was appointed by that Presidency to settle the terms of peace with Tippoo. Stewart availed himself of the opportunity of requesting Sir James to use his interest with his Highness, to procure his release. This, with some difficulty, Sir

James Sibbald effected; and Stewart set forward to *walk* to Europe. He crossed the Desart of Arabia and arrived at Marseilles. He *walked* through the whole kingdom of France, through Spain, came to England—left England for America, through every state of which he *walked*, as he did through Ireland and Scotland. On his return from Ireland he was nearly shipwrecked; and at the moment of being so, he begged of some of the crew, if they survived, to take care of the book he had written, and intended to publish, entitled, “*Opus Maximum*,” a favorite work of his. His mental powers were of a

character unique in the extreme, and perhaps without any approximation of similitude in the thoughts of any human being. He was the Atomical Philosopher; his defence and demonstration of which singular hypothetical doctrine was so ably defined and asserted, that he could almost induce infidelity to become a proselyte.

He passed his last ten years in the neighborhood of Charing Cross and Cockspur-street; to be, as he said, in the “full tide of human existence.” He must have been seen by thousands sitting in St. James’s Park, drinking warm milk.

RAYMOND THE ROMANTIC, AND HIS FIVE WISHES.

No. II.

THE AIR BALLOON.

Ah! believe me, destroy your balloons!—climb not with your inflammable air beyond the sphere to which God has limited it; burn your journals; annihilate every trace of this rare secret; renounce the project of raising yourselves above the thunder.

Marquis de Villette.

A DEEP and permanent melancholy, which preyed upon me unceasingly, succeeded to the terrific circumstances and results related in my last adventure; and it seemed as if even Time itself would have but little chance to soften, or to remove the keenness of the impression which they had made upon my mind. It is with our griefs, however, as it is with the approach of spring, and the gradual expansion of the days. We do not step at once from gloominess and desolation to liveliness and beauty, nor from the long nights of wintry darkness to the bright sunny mornings of summer:—No, as an ancient and quaint author remarks, “The lengthening of days is not suddenly perceived till they are grown a pretty deal longer, because the sun, though it be in a circle, yet it seems for a while to go in a right line. For take a segment of a great circle, especially, and you shall seem to doubt whether it be straight or no. But when that the sun is got past that line, then you presently perceive the days are lengthened.” This exactly illustrates the departure of sorrow from the soul; we do not feel

the removal of any part of our affliction until a large portion of it be wept away, ameliorated by time, or borne into oblivion by the gradual recession of grief, which, after it have flowed to a great height, usually ebbs by degrees, and carries all our distresses into the great sea of our former lives. To accelerate this, men usually fly to a vast variety of means, one of the most common of which is travelling into other countries, thus deeming, that they shall leave their sorrows behind them with the scenes where they originally occurred. This, altho’ it be in a great measure a mistaken conceit, I was prevailed upon to try, and accordingly, in the latter part of 1783, I left the Zetland Islands for the Continent, and made Paris the first grand resting-place in my journey. I acceded the more readily to the wishes of my friends, because the discoveries of the French in the science of Aerostation were then become a general subject in conversation; and though I neither expected nor wished that my tour should remove from my mind the remembrances which filled it with a wild abstracted joy, and a destroying but pleasing sorrow, yet did I earnestly desire that it might produce the gratification of another of my romantic wishes; namely, to ascend in an Air-Balloon. My departure was, of course, previous to the setting-in of that dangerous season, which so deforms the climate of

Zetland ; and as the close of the month of September proved much milder than usual, on the 24th I embarked on board the *Mermaid*, which was then commanded by my kind friend Rudolph Feldsparr, and was bound for the coast of France. My former life had been passed entirely in Zetland, and the monotony of its primitive customs had been broken only by our departure for the Haaf, or Deep Sea-Fishing ; and I had never yet set foot upon the shores of another country. My romantic disposition would, it is true, have led me abroad in search of adventures to gratify it ; but at the same time, Zetland was endeared to me by being the Mortlakes' "last and longest resting-place ;" it was sacred because it contained, either in its seas, or beneath its turf, the ashes of all my former ancestors, and dearest relatives of my own time, from Ivar, the first Jarl, or Lord of Mortlake, contemporary with Harold the Fair, early in the tenth century ; down to my own lamented father and mother, Ronovald and Alofa Mortlake. —Zetland, then, was to me, what the cavern in the field of Macphelah was to Jacob : "there they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife ; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife ; and there I buried Leah." When these circumstances are considered, and when it is remembered that the heart is much more susceptible and tender in sorrow than in joy, it will not be surprising that parting from Zetland should seem to me like becoming an outcast from Eden ; and that, on sailing from North-Maven, I remained motionless at the stern of the vessel, even for hours after the island was out of sight, till at length my tears and the night more completely dimmed my vision. While yet in sight of the shore, I, however, did not forget to sing my last adieus to my native land, to the tune of a funeral song first used over the body of Ivar Mortlake.

Whilst I was thus employed, the *Mermaid* had worked her way out of the Bay of North-Maven, and was proceeding in a north-eastern direction round the scattered fragments of rocky territory which form the most easterly

parts of Zetland, and the Islands of Yell and Unst. In this voyage all the beauties of the place were spread before me, and thus all my melancholy feelings were increased, yet I felt a sweet and pensive pleasure, in contemplating each well-remembered spot, and in considering how time or the sea might have changed their features, before I should look upon them again.

Although to an eye which for the first time views the Zetland Isles, there will appear only a rocky uneven coast, broken with bleak and dark mossy hills rising above it, yet to those who know where to direct their attention, there is many a beautiful and romantic piece of scenery to be found, even in the craggy precipices which guard the sea-shore. My own village of North-Maven is one of the few places on the island which presents an agreeable and cultivated appearance seaward : not that it is destitute of that wilder kind of landscape which is so characteristic of islands in general, for there are not many points which are better known for the grandeur and magnificence of their prospects, but it is also interspersed with natural beauties of a more pleasing description. As we sailed from out the harbour of North-Maven in a north-easterly direction, the wonderful combination of wildness and tranquillity so evident on that peninsula became particularly striking. Above our starboard bow were spread out the *Villeins*, or *Plains of Ure*, which are verdant lawns of several miles in extent, situate on the tops of some high and precipitous perforated rocks which stand on the western side of the peninsula. Along the shore, and stretching out to sea, runs a series of magnificent rocks which form lofty arches, and are pierced into deep caverns and subterraneous recesses, or else are divided from top to bottom by the sea into pinnacles, with acutely pointed summits.

—"Cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat nor frost nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

Nor are these the only picturesque ob-

jects to be seen upon the Zetland shore, since it is continually broken by Voes, as they are there called, or wreathed and winding bays, each of which is capable of containing a British Navy. As we sailed out towards the Island of Unst, with the wind blowing freshly in a southern direction, we heard the gale produce the grand and deep intonation of the waves roaring in the caverned rocks behind us. It then seemed to a fanciful and romantic mind, such as my own, like the sublime voluntary of Nature in praise of her Creator, played upon her own most powerful, yet not unmelodious organ. Whilst I was occupied by these sights and reflections, the Mermaid continued to breast the ocean towards Unst, around whose base the waves are ever roaring and dashing, even when the weather is calm at a distance. After passing round the Island, we gained the broad expanse of the North-Sea; and stood out yet farther from Zetland, which soon began to assume the appearance of a shapeless mass of rock covered with a veil of mist, which arose above it, and blended with the sky. The day-light had now passed away; but the interesting appearance which a Zetland night gives to all things, left a reflecting and retired heart, like my own, but little to regret. There was not, it is true, the magical beauty of a summer dark blue twilight, but still there was an unclouded calm serenity in the starry atmosphere, the eye ranged around to where ocean was lost in air, like time melting into eternity, and the indistinct form of my native country looked like a dear friend about to pass the mysterious boundary. The sea-water was smooth and dark, but still broken into an infinity of small waves washing and driving over each other. Solitude was predominant over the scene, save where the sea-gull skimmed along the surface of the deep, occasionally dipping his wing, which sounded like the dash of an oar in the murmuring waters. The character, the silence, and the loneliness of the scene, brought to my recollection the lines of an excellent but neglected poet, who has said, in his *Ode to Solitude*,

——“thine is many a noiseless hour,
And many a shipless sea, and many a
trackless plain. * * *
No shore, no sail in ether's bound.”

Every thing was in harmony with my mind, even the following rude Song of the Pilot, and the continual chace of the waves against the vessel's side,

THE PILOT'S SONG.

The stars were shining brightly,
Their fire was on the sea;
The waves were leaping lightly,
The ship danced merrily;
Brave Valck who steer'd the barque along,
The Dragon of the Main,
Thus gave the winds and waves his song,
Which echo'd it again.
“Thy keel drives up the ocean foam,
And leaves our track afar;
And gallant hearts that love to roam
Delight in such a car.

Let some be fortune wailing,
For love let some go weep,
When I am swiftly sailing,
My kingdom is the deep.
And not the eyes I leave behind
Were e'er so bright to me,
As when before the rushing wind
My gallant barque I see.
Her keel drives up the ocean foam,
And leaves her track afar;
And gallant hearts that love to roam
Delight in such a car.

While coward hearts are sighing
Beneath some damsel's chain,
Then I, with streamers flying,
Rove boldly o'er the main.
And what though dashing waves be loud,
And stormy blasts may roar,
They're gentler than the glances proud
Of beauty on the shore.
For still we plough the ocean foam,
And leave our track afar;
The gallant heart will love to roam,
And roam in such a car.”

All was like a dreamless sleep with me after that night, until I arrived in the splendid metropolis of France; and even there my soul was so much excited for the completion of the second great wish of my life, that the science of aerostation alone engaged my attention, and I left the buildings, the literature, the pleasures, and the society of Paris, for the converse of Messieurs Montgolfier, Pilatre de Rozier, Girond de Villette, the Marquis D'Arlandes, and the other celebrated aeronauts of that day. The history of this astonish-

ing science, from the vague and undefined conjectures of Lord Bacon, Bishop Wilkins, and the Jesuit Francis Lana, down to our own successful experiments of Garnerin and Sadler, is well known; but the fever for aerial discovery is now completely past, and the existence of Balloons almost forgotten, when compared with that rage which existed for them at the period of which I am writing.

It is highly probable that modern landscape-gardeners will condemn my taste; but I must acknowledge, that I do love the ancient and grand style of gardening then exhibited at Versailles. It was there, in the walks overshadowed with green leafy trellis-work, leading to labyrinths, open parterres, or splendid terraces adorned with grottos and fountains, it was there that I deemed myself in the rich old pleasure-grounds of the seventeenth century, of which Burghers and Winstanley have left such delightful representations. Such in my mind was the resort of Milton's

"retired Leisure,
Who in trim gardens takes his pleasure:"

and such in my imagination were Warton's

"High-arch'd walks, and alleys green,"

Oh! to me it was exquisite to look upon the wide Mall, the embowered walk, the curiously shaped flower knot, the series of terraces, and the long-extended grove, ascending and looking from the distance, and the clear light at the end, like

"a vista to the sky."

While I have life and memory, the exact, and magnificent retreats of Versailles, together with the adventures which I there experienced, will never be forgotten. The interest I took in the then fashionable science of Aerostation, was uncommonly gratifying to my new associates; and although it was not without much difficulty that I prevailed upon them to permit me to ascend alone in a Montgolfier Balloon, yet my ardor at length won their consent; and about July 1784, a small machine was prepared for me, and I was to take my flight from the most private part of the celebrated Gardens already mentioned.

The Balloon in which I rose was of that construction which is known by the name of its inventor, Montgolfier, and in which the air is rarefied within the Balloon itself, by means of a fire that is maintained in a grate beneath. Its form was elliptical, and beneath the bag was hung a small circular stage or car, in the centre of which was the fire-grate, and around which were curtains of silk. The time of my departure had at length arrived, and it was only by the most strenuous solicitation that I was permitted to ascend without a companion; but so strongly was I possessed with the idea, that my aerial voyage would not be less extraordinary, nor perhaps less dangerous, than my marine one had proved, that I firmly rejected all the offers of my friends, and at length, after promising the most minute report of my excursion, I received their reluctant farewells, and entered the Machine alone. A remembrance of former danger and former deliverance, made me, while the cords were being cut, address a few words to Him who had preserved me in the deep waters, to protect and restore me safe from my present undertaking; but even whilst my heart looked upward, the already inflated Machine was set at liberty, and Versailles, Paris, France, almost the world itself, seemed falling into chaos beneath me. As the Balloon rose, the material objects of the earth seemed to descend, and for a moment I could hardly persuade myself but that I beheld

"The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds!"

At length, however, the towns and towers which appeared falling upon each other, began to assume a regular and map-like aspect, disposed in concentric circles, of which the city for many miles round it formed the interior, with the river Seine shining like silver. There appeared a bright and undefined belt girding it; beyond that the country, growing darker as it drew to the horizon, lay spread out with masses of dark verdure scattered over it; and bounding all was seen a broad line of light green, or middle tint, which blended with the sky. Hitherto the season of the year and fire in the car had kept

the atmosphere round the Balloon at rather a warm temperature; but after having for some time surveyed the scene below me, on ascending I found the air cold and wintry, and filled with varying currents of wind, which drove me forward with great rapidity, through clouds charged with hail, cold rain, and even snow. The flag, too, which I carried with me in my ascent, no longer flew horizontally or hung downwards, but was drawn in a perpendicular direction, even at the time when I was going rapidly in a straight line. I was now, according to the best calculation I have ever been able to make, either at the time, or since, at the height of about 12,000 feet; the earth, of course, had long been invisible, and there appeared beneath me only an immense ocean of dense, shapeless, and rolling clouds, which appeared to form a barrier between the Balloon and the world that I had left. Every thing around seemed the sport of wind, caprice, and chaos; there was not that beautiful blue sky, nor the golden rays of sun-shine, which we see from below; but the broad expanse presented only that blank cheerless veil of dense white, which overhangs a gloomy day. I would now fain have descended, but the valve by which the air was to be let out had shut itself so tightly, that my utmost force could not open it: added to which, the currents of wind fed the fire of the Balloon, so that it continued rapidly to rise. Notwithstanding the evident danger of my situation, the cold, the excitation of my mind, and the natural consequences of my position in the air, all so much inclined me to sleep, that I imagine at this part of my voyage I must have slumbered; although I saw every thing that followed as vividly as I ever beheld the most lively scenes, and all my other powers were so perfectly exerted, that I yet doubt whether I could have looked upon a dream. It seemed to me then as if I were still in the Balloon, and still ascending at a rapid rate through the air. The Machine now seemed to approach a large, black, and dense cloud, which on entering appeared to cast its shroud all

over me, and for a time to envelope me in darkness. While I was under this veil, I heard the most violent rushing of contending winds, the pouring of rain, and the rolling of thunder; and at the same time the cold was so intense, that it almost suspended life and its powers. I could at that time have thought, that I had entered into the treasures of the snow, and had passed into the storehouse of the hail: that I had gone into the place of the darkness, and had been shewn the habitation of Chaos, where all things were hurled together without form, order, or distinction. After having travelled through this dreadful region with amazing velocity, the clouds seemed to break away from before me, and I discovered a new species of atmosphere; which, although it could not be considered as dark, yet it possessed only that red and lurid kind of light which we see preceding a storm. Every thing was tinted with a deep tawny lustre, which was contrasted with large masses of intense purple clouds that were in continual motion, ever shewing, as they unfolded their banners, gleams of the same fiery radiance behind them. In this new climate, too, there were meteors and comets flashing and gliding through the air with great rapidity: some of them forming in their courses various eccentric curves, and others passing along in an horizontal, or perpendicular direction. The power of the winds in this place was still more tremendous than I had yet experienced it. At one time the Balloon was violently carried upward, and then the contending currents would force it down in a level position, so that it was with the greatest difficulty, by clinging fast to the car, that I could preserve myself from being precipitated into the dense atmosphere of purple clouds which was below me. Then on a sudden it would become stationary, and immediately afterwards whirl round with such velocity, that my senses had nearly departed. Notwithstanding all these dreadful convulsions of the air, and the consequent oscillations of the Balloon, I was yet able to remark, with considerable surprise, that the most vio-

lent currents did not produce any effects on the dark clouds I have already mentioned. They remained perfectly stationary; but as I was carried swiftly towards them, my astonishment was increased to behold, that upon their gilded edges reclined an innumerable multitude of winged figures in various attitudes, either musing or in converse. As the Balloon approached, many of them flew towards me; and I then discovered that their forms were gigantic, yet of the most perfect symmetry, that their wings were formed of deep crimson feathers, and that their fine faces were richly shadowed by black hair hanging in flakes like ravens' plumes, or else standing erect like flames. The countenances of these Spirits were all of one character, though varied in their composition: they were of that pale brown hue which is esteemed so beautiful in man: and their features were cast in the most perfect Grecian model. The eyebrows were lofty, black, and extended, and dark piercing eyes shone powerfully out from beneath them. Upon the mouth, there was somewhat of a sad, yet sarcastic smile, which slightly curved the ends, and gave to the face an air at once grand, imperious, and contemptuous. But what impressed me with more horror at these beautifully awful appearances, was to see that forms so fine should have extended and pointed ears of a swarthy color, rising upon either side the head in the dark locks which crowned it; while beneath was a neck worthy of Apollo himself, had not its strong lines indicated a Spirit that was proud, malevolent, and unbending. When the Angels had reached the Balloon, they formed themselves into an horizontal circle above it; and hanging on their red wings, flew round it, singing in a wild yet not displeasing tone the following stanzas, which immediately became indelibly impressed on my memory, and on the temptations of which I have often reflected with the blended feelings of horror and of gratitude.

SONG OF THE ANGELS OF AIR.

Thou rovest fair,—through yielding air,
In Heaven's cerulean tide;
But we who share,—the pleasures there,
On wings ethereal glide.

And Oh! 'tis sweet,—and far more fleet
In fields of light to fly,
Than 'tis to speed,—on swiftest steed
That lives beneath the sky.

Our Angel race,—in boundless space
Shall roam for ever free;
Then banish soon,—thine Air-Balloon,
And thus immortal be.

While this was being sung, my attention was naturally drawn upward, and it was not until its conclusion that I beheld that one of these spirits, whose face, if I may use the expression, was yet more magnificently mournful, was seated before me on the opposite side of the Car; having one hand resting on a golden staff or sceptre, and the other placed on his extended arm. Although the Balloon itself must have been between us, yet the presence of the Spirit pervaded it; and he appeared to me as distinctly as if there had not been any intervening medium. I sat for some time bathed in a cold perspiration, the Angel also remaining motionless with his eyes fixed upon me, till at length I found the courage to address him with,—

"Spirit of the Air, what art thou?"

To which he replied, in a deep, yet not unmusical tone,

"Even what thou sayest, a Spirit of the Air."

The dreaded colloquy being thus began, I found but little difficulty in saying,—

"What is thy purpose?—if friendly, tell me in what region am I, and how I must descend from hence."

"Listen, mortal!" he replied; "thou art in the Firmament of the North, and in the kingdom and presence of OURANODEMON, the Chief of the Air Angels. My purposes are never friendly to man; yet such is his miserable self-deceit, that I could almost pity him. When thou shalt descend, which thou shalt not do without imminent danger for having penetrated this region, say to thy fellow-mortals, that I command them to cease from their vain, and ignorant attempts to invade my dominions, and that, should they despise my behests, the next who ascends shall be my victim."

"But," returned I, "it is probable that those upon earth will treat my message as a dream; nay, I myself almost doubt its reality."

"Still the same, still the same," answered the Angel; "ever incredulous of truth, whether it be good or evil; man is never content to accept things as they are, he must always weave his own romance of deceit. But thus much is permitted to thee for proof to thy fellow-mortal. Bare thy right arm."

When I had done so, the Angel immediately grasped it, and directly the flesh turned of a scorched appearance, as if a band of heated iron had been affixed to it, although the effect was produced without pain. As soon as I recovered myself, he continued,

"Now begone, thou hast already seen and heard too much for man:—away, and Remember!"—

As he spake, lightnings seemed to flash around him, and he departed in flame! I started forward, and seemed to wake from my stupor, when what was my horror to behold the Balloon in flames, rapidly falling to the earth, over which night had spread herself. The scenes which I had so long left now seemed to rise out of space beneath me. There I saw Paris with her thousand lights, and the Gardens and Parks of Versailles, stretched out beneath the moonlight. It seemed to me scarcely a moment between the dis-

appearance of the Angel and my touching the ground; otherwise the fury with which the flames raged must have previously consumed the Balloon. It fell in a wood a short distance from the city, and caught in the branches of a tree; on which I immediately leaped out, although it was still a considerable height from the ground. I had scarcely quitted the Balloon when it broke from its confinement, soared blazing into the air, and I saw it no more. I spent the whole of that sleepless night in reflection on my voyage, and thankfulness at my deliverance; but it will scarcely be credited, that the following day, my friends, although alarmed at my stay and the dangers which I had undergone, disbelieved my supernatural message, deemed the appearances I had seen a dream, and the mark upon my arm occasioned by the fire which had caught the Balloon whilst I slept. I cannot now decide how this may be; the impression is still existing; but what makes me yet think that all was not visionary, is, that the melancholy fate of Pilatre de Rozier and M. Romaine, who were the next that ascended into the air after me, completely realized the angel's prediction.

Translated from the German of Schiller.

THE DIVER.

"WHO's here of noble or vassal blood,
Of courage to dive beneath this flood?
I fling therein a golden beaker,
And now 'tis swallowed up by the breaker,
Whoever shows me the cup again,
May have it and keep it for his pain."

So spake King Robert of Sicily,
From a high cliff overhanging the sea,
While into the howling Charybdis he flung
The goblet of gold in his hand that he swung.
"Who is so bold, I ask again,
As into the deep to plunge amain?"

The knights and squires, who stood around,
Heard him, but uttered not a sound;
Tho' they mark the sinking of the cup,
No one of them cares to fish it up.
A third time the king exclaims with a frown,
"Is no one so brave as to venture down?"

Yet silent as before they stood;
When a fair page of noble blood
Steps from among the fault'ring band;
His girdle and mantle he casts on the strand;
And all the men and women amaz'd,
On the lovely youth admiring gaz'd.

And while he walks to the cliff's brow,
Looking down on the gulf below,
Charybdis gave back bellowing
The waters she'd been swallowing;
As with the noise of distant thunder
Her foaming womb was rent asunder.

It billows, it hisses, it seethes, and it roars,
As when water on burning forests showers;
To heaven the recking surges spray;
Wave pushes wave in endless fray,
Exhaustless teeming, full and free,
As would the sea bring forth a sea.

At length the wild force dies away,
And black, amid the foaming spray,
And bottomless, as were it the path to hell,
A growing chasm absorbs the swell;
And down the murky tunnel's yawn,
Eddying the rushing waves are drawn.

Quick, ere the waters again are abroad,
The youth commends himself to God.
Around is heard a shriek of dismay,
And already the whirlpool has borne him
The throat mysteriously closes o'er, [away;
And the bold swimmer is seen no more.

Still becomes the watery abyss,
Climbs from the deep a hollower hiss;
The howlings more faintly die away.
All wait in anxious terrific delay,
And lips of many with trembling tell:
"Thou lofty-spirited youth, farewell!"

"Were it the crown that you had thrown,
And said: Whoever brings me the crown
Shall wear it, and be my king and lord,
I would not fetch the dear reward.
What's hid in the howling deep below
No living soul shall ever know.

"The whirlpool has seized on many a ship,
And dragged it headlong into the deep;
But only a keel, or a splinter'd mast,
From the all-swallowing grave have past."
Now shriller and nearer the dashing is heard,
Like winds when the coming storm is fear'd.

It billows, it hisses, it seethes, and it roars,
It rushes and gushes, and dashes and pours.
Wave pushes wave in endless fray;
To heaven the recking surges spray,
And with the noise of distant thunder,
Bellowing the dark womb bursts asunder.

And lo! the swelling billows upon,
Something uplifts itself, white as a swan,
And an arm, and a glittering shoulder is bare;
It rows with force and busy care;
And 'tis he! and high in his left hand held up,
He flourishes, joyfully beckoning, the cup.

With breathings long and deep he wins his
way, [day,
And drinks the air, and greets the light of
With frolic and clapping one cries to another:

"He lives! He is there! The abyss could not
smother!"

The brave one was allowed to save
His soul alive from the jaws of the grave."

He lands: the shouting choir surround;
At the king's feet he sinks on the ground,
And kneeling reaches back the cup.
The monarch graciously lifts him up,
Beckons his daughter so fair and so fine,
Who fills the goblet with sparkling wine,
And the page drank, and thus began.

"Long live the king! He well may be gay
Who breathes the rosy light of day;
Yonder lie horrors dark and dense;
Let no man tempt God's providence,
And never, never seek to know
What graciously is veiled below.

"As had I fallen in air, it drags
Me swiftly down—from between the crags
New wildly boisterous fountains gush.
The mingling force of the double rush
I could not withstand; the eddy was strong,
Like a top, it whirl'd me giddy along.

"Then God, to whom in my terrible need
I cried for pity and help, gave heed,
And show'd projecting from beneath
A rock which I seiz'd, and escaped from
death.

There hung the cup on a coral steep,
Else it had dropt to the bottomless deep.

Far underneath it lay below,
Gleaming with dim and purple glow,
Where to the ear tho' all may sleep,
The eye beheld amid the deep
How salamanders, dragons, snakes,
Were crawling in these hellish lakes.

"In swarthy mixture here they throng,
Or glide in griesly groups along,
The sword-fish, the keen crocodile,
And the sea-serpent's sinuous file,
And grinning with their triple teeth at me,
Wide-throated sharks, hyenas of the sea.

"There hung I long—in conscious fear—
No human arm of help was near;
While forms of fright around me glare,
The only feeling bosom there;
Below the reach of human ear,
Or human voice—in dumb despair:

"A griesly monster toward me swims,
Moving at once a hundred limbs,
And snaps—in terror I let go
From my faint grasp the coral bough,
Down which I was clambering—then the
surge
Seiz'd me, but sav'd me—I could now
emerge."

The king wondered much thereat, and said:
"The goblet is your own, my lad,
And this ring, with precious jewels adorn'd,
I destine you also—'tis not to be scorn'd—
If you'll try again, and let us know
What lies at the very bottom below."

This with soft feeling the daughter hears,
And turn'd on the monarch her eyes in tears:
"Such cruel sport henceforward spare,
He has achiev'd what none else would dare.
If the lusts of your heart you cannot assuage,
Let some of your knights outdo the page."

Then the king snatch'd quickly the goblet
again,
And hurl'd it into the whirlpool amain.
"If you will fetch me the beaker once more,
All my knights you shall stand before;
And her, who pleads for you with loving face,
To-night, as a husband, you shall embrace."

Then did heavenly force in his soul arise,
And boldness lightened from his eyes;
And he saw the fair maid blushing soon,
And then he saw her turn pale and swoon,
And was moved the precious prize to win,
Come life, come death! he cast himself in.

Ebb'd had the surge, and again it flow'd,
And the thund'ring sound announced it
aloud; [bent,
With affectionate looks o'er the chasm they
The waters they came, and the waters they
went.

The waves they gush up, and the waves
slink away;
But none brings the youth to the light of
the day.

In the foregoing version, the impersonal verbs, which so remarkably abound in the German original, have been purposely retained; although in our language they have a less welcome effect.

THE RENEGADE. A ROMANCE.

Continued.

TO the north of Luteve the mountain of Carenal reflected the last rays of the setting sun. The hour appointed by Goudair for the assembling of the mountaineers at length arrived. Ezilda advanced amidst the enthusiastic throng. Arrayed in white, and covered with a long transparent veil, she looked like the genius of heroic inspiration, smiling on the sons of glory. The princess addressed herself to the warlike circle, and unfolded to them the plan which her courageous mind had conceived. Not far from Carenal, on the summit of a steep mountain, rose the fortress of Segorum, built by the Romans, and which from its situation seemed almost inaccessible. On the declivity of the hill a celebrated chapel had for many years attracted pilgrims from all parts of Gaul. It had been built by Thierry III., the last King of France, in fulfilment of a pious vow; it was consecrated to Our Lady of Cevennes, and the numerous miracles which were supposed to be performed in the holy edifice frequently attracted throngs of strangers to Segorum. The fortress belonged to the Princess of Cevennes, but had yielded to the infidels. The princess now conceived the bold design of reconquering it, a measure which seemed necessary to restore the faith and reinspire the courage of the mountaineers.

Ezilda conducted her warlike train through the narrow passes of Carenal, and succeeded in obtaining access to the fortress by the effect of her charms on a sentinel.

A sanguinary combat now commenced. The first detachment of the assailants had entered the garrison. Among the besieged terror flew from post to post, and consternation was painted on every countenance. A new tumult was heard proceeding from the watch-tower of the fortress. The second detachment, consisting of six hundred mountaineers, had forced an entrance. The Princess of Cevennes appeared on the ramparts, in her hand she held the sword of the commandant of Segor-

um, who had been made prisoner. "The citadel has surrendered (said the heroine,) let the combat instantly cease!" Among the Saracen chiefs who had been wounded and carried from the scene of action, was Alaor, the friend of Agobar. Having escorted the sisters of St. Amalberge to the first French posts, he had proceeded to Segorum with despatches for the commandant. The princess gave orders that he should receive every requisite attendance, and that no efforts should be spared to save his life. She next threw open the prisons of the fortress, where several French battalions were confined. What was her surprise to find that she had liberated Leodat and his followers! On separating from the princess, near the miraculous grotto, the Prince of Avernus and his little detachment were surrounded by the enemy's legions, and the Mussulmans had conveyed their captives to Segorum.

The princess retired to the eastern tower to pass the night. Previous to the taking of Segorum, Ezilda secretly vowed that if Heaven should favor her enterprise, she would visit the holy chapel of the mountain to return thanks to the Almighty, and to make an offering to Our Lady of Cevennes of some trophy of the victory. Faithful to her vow, Ezilda rose at break of day, and taking the sword and shield which she had received from the Arab commandant of the fortress, she descended the staircase of the tower and proceeded to the chapel. The chapel of Segorum had been built only twenty-seven years. At the period of its erection, the Queen of France had presented an heir to Thierry III., and public rejoicings celebrated the birth of Clodomir. But the royal infant soon fell dangerously ill. Convinced that the air of the south of France would prove beneficial to the queen and his son, the king accompanied them to Marseilles, and from thence embarked for Narbonne. A dreadful tempest arose; the royal vessel was separated from its escort, and was attacked by an Algerine

pirate. The crew defended themselves with intrepidity ; but, being overpowered by numbers, they were on the point of surrendering. "Oh ! Holy Virgin of Cevennes, (exclaimed the king,) save Clodomir, and I will consecrate a temple to thee on the hill of Segorum !" But a fatal arrow had pierced the breast of Clodomir. The French soldiers fought desperately against the elements and their assailants. Their persevering energy surmounted every obstacle, the storm abated, and the pirate fled. The royal vessel reached the coast in safety ; Clodomir recovered, and Thierry's vow was faithfully fulfilled. Below the ramparts of Segorum a magnificent chapel was erected to the Virgin, and near the altar was placed a picture representing the queen and her young son at the moment when the arrow pierced the infant's breast. On the right of the picture stood a marble statue of Thierry, kneeling, and pronouncing the solemn vow.

The Princess of Luteve entered the chapel. Numerous wax tapers, which had been lighted on the preceding evening in celebration of the taking of Segorum, still illuminated the sanctuary. Ezilda placed the Saracen sword and shield on the altar, and returned thanks to Heaven for her brilliant victory. Forgetting the dangers she had encountered and the fatigues she had endured, her heart was filled with favorable presentiments. Her hands were clasped, and with her eyes fixed on the bridal ring which formerly promised her a throne, she sighed and recollected the solemn hour when the descendant of Clovis led her to the altar : "O Clodomir !" she exclaimed, raising her eyes to the picture which surmounted the altar. The noise of footsteps interrupted her. She turned and beheld a warrior of tall stature attentively observing her. His gold helmet was surmounted by a red and black plume, and his vizor was lowered. No less agitated than surprised, the princess immediately rose ; but soon resuming her wonted courage, "Who are you ?" she exclaimed, looking steadfastly at the warrior.—"I am Agobar !" ex-

claimed the Renegade, raising his vizor. "And I am Ezilda !" replied the princess, drawing aside her veil. The chief of the Saracens recognized the heroine of Amalberge. More than ever charmed by her dazzling beauty, and no less astonished at her heroic calmness : "Ezilda !" he repeated, and he seemed agitated by some painful recollection. "Clodomir ! (continued the Renegade,) who is the Clodomir to whom you address your prayers ? Christian ! have you given this new name to the Supreme Judge, or have you made a divinity of the object you adore ?—If so, I pity you, for, like every other god, Clodomir turns a deaf ear to your supplications."—Ezilda was silent ; but the look of indignation which she cast on the Mussulman chief was more eloquent than any reply. She fixed her eyes on the picture above the altar, and the expression of her countenance sufficiently revealed the Clodomir whom she invoked. "Can it be possible, (exclaimed Agobar,) do you weep for the son of a line of kings ? Mysterious woman ! tell me, I conjure you, who are you ?"—"I am the Princess of Cevennes, (replied Ezilda,) and I was in happier days the plighted bride of Clodomir."—"You, (exclaimed Agobar, in a transport of agitation and surprise,) you the daughter of Theobert ! the bride of Clodomir !"—"And now, Agobar, (resumed the princess,) in your turn inform me by what name you were formerly distinguished among the Christians ?"—"Alas ! ill-fated princess, tremble to hear it, (replied the chief of the Mussulmans,) I am Clodomir !" "Clodomir ! (repeated Ezilda, recoiling with horror)—Renegade, what do I hear !" Agobar pulled off his gantlet, and drawing a ring from his finger presented it to the princess. Ezilda took the ring. That which she had received at the altar had never forsaken her finger. She compared the two rings. They were exactly alike, bearing the same arms, the same dates, and the same names.—"If you want other proofs (pursued the Renegade,) behold the royal sword of my father, it is the only inheritance of Clodomir—Cast your eyes on that picture : an ar-

row pierces the breast of the young descendant of Clovis ; the wound was deep, and the scar will be for ever visible." He opened his coat of mail. Every doubt now vanished. Ezilda recognised the scar which in the days of her childhood had frequently attracted her observation. The princess uttered not a word. For the first time in her life her courage failed her, and, bathed in tears, she gazed on the royal sword of Thierry III. "You hate me, (resumed Agobar,) you must hate me!—But do not suppose you are bound to fulfil your vows to the Renegade. No, Ezilda, Clodomir breaks the bridal ring!"—"Never! (exclaimed the heroine.) Death alone shall break the bonds that unite us together. You cannot render back my vows; but you can do more—you can restore me to Clodomir!"—"No, (replied the warrior;) in the career in which fate has thrown me, I have marched with giant strides: to retreat is impossible.—But (continued he, with vehemence, perceiving the sword and shield of the Arab commandant,) who has placed these arms on the altar?—Enough: all is explained: presumptuous woman! Ezilda is the heroine of Segorum!"

At this moment the Prince of Avernus, accompanied by a few followers, entered the chapel. Having learned that the princess had quitted the fort, he doubted not that she had gone to offer up thanksgivings in the

sanctuary, and he hastened to meet her. "Surrender, infidel!" he exclaimed, on perceiving Agobar.—"Only with my life!" replied the Renegade, taking up the royal sword of Thierry III., and he rushed on his adversary, resolving that his life should be dearly sold. Ezilda turned pale—she no longer beheld the Renegade. The Mussulman chief was the heir of the French throne—he was Clodomir—her husband. Leodat had wounded his enemy. The daughter of Theobert rushed between the combatants. "Prince (she said) respect this hero; his person is sacred! Agobar is my prisoner. Chief of the Mussulmans, follow me." She led her prisoner to the gate of the chapel, where his Arabian courser awaited him. "Son of Thierry, (she said,) instantly fly this spot!"—Overcome with emotion, Agobar seized the hand of his liberatress,—"Magnanimous Ezilda! (he exclaimed,) when our nuptial rings were exchanged, what felicity awaited me!—the throne of France and thy heart. How my hopes have vanished! How my happiness has fled!" He was about to mount his courser, but suddenly turning, "Ezilda (he said) I have one boon to ask. Within the walls of Segorum, Alaor is your captive; restore to me my young brother in arms; grant this favor to Agobar."—"I grant it to Clodomir," said the princess, and she returned to the citadel.

Biography.

JULY, 1793. ROBERT CLARE, THE POET FARMER BOY, BORN.

THIS Northamptonshire peasant, whose poems have been recently classed, and we think deservedly with the productions of Burns and of Bloomfield, was born at Helpstone, a village most unpoetically situated at the easternmost point of Northamptonshire, adjoining the Lincolnshire fens. He learnt to spell of the village schoolmistress, and before he was six years old, was able to read a chapter in the Bible. At the age of twelve he assisted in the la-

borious employment of threshing; the boy, in his father's own words, was weak but willing, and the good old man made a flail for him somewhat suitable to his strength. When his share of the day's toil was over, he eagerly ran to the village school under the belfrey, and in this desultory and casual manner gathered his imperfect knowledge of language, and skill in writing. At the early period of which we are speaking, Clare felt the poetic æstrum. He

relates, that twice or thrice in the winter weeks it was his office to fetch a bag of flour from the village of Maxey, and darkness often came on before he could return. The state of his nerves corresponded with his slender frame. The tales of terror with which his mother's memory shortened the long nights returned freshly to his fancy the next day ; and to beguile the way and dissipate his fears, he used to walk back with his eyes fixed immovably on the ground, revolving in his mind some adventure 'without a ghost in it,' which he turned into verse ; and thus, he adds, he reached the village of Helpstone often before he was aware of its approach.

The clouds which had hung so heavily over the youth of Clare, far from dispersing, grew denser and darker as he advanced towards manhood. His father, who had been the constant associate of his labours, became more and more infirm, and he was constrained to toil alone, and far beyond his strength, to obtain a mere subsistence. It was at this cheerless moment he composed 'What is Life?' in which he has treated a common subject with an earnestness, a solemnity, and an originality, deserving of all praise : some of the lines have a terseness of expression and a nervous freedom of versification not unworthy of Drummond, or of Cowley.

WHAT IS LIFE ?

And what is *Life* ?—An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream,—
Its length ?—A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And Happiness ?—A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

And what is *Hope* ?—The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each floweret of its gem,—and dies ;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is *Death* ?—Is still the cause unfound ?
That dark, mysterious name of horrid sound ?
A long and lingering sleep, the weary crave,
And Peace ?—where can its happiness abound ?
Nowhere at all, save Heaven, and the grave.

Then what is *LIFE* ?—When stripped of its disguise,
A thing to be desired it cannot be ;
Since every thing that meets our foolish eyes
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
'Tis but a trial all must undergo ;
To teach unthankful mortal how to prize
That happiness vain man's denied to know,
Until he's called to claim it in the skies.

THE SUMMER MORNING. BY CLARE.

The cocks have now the morn foretold,
The sun again begins to peep,
The shepherd, whistling to his fold,
Unpens and frees the captive sheep.
O'er pathless plains at early hours
The sleepy rustic gloomy goes ;
The dews, brushed off from grass and flow'rs,
Bemoistening sop his hardened shoes ;

While every leaf that forms a shade,
And every floweret's silken top,
And every shivering bent and blade,
Stoops, bowing with a diamond drop.
But soon shall fly those diamond drops,
The red round sun advances higher,
And, stretching o'er the mountain tops,
Is gilding sweet the village-spire.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the giggling of the brook ;
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on Nature's book,
When Nature every sweet prepares
To entertain our wished delay,—
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day !

Now let me tread the meadow paths
While glittering dew the ground illumines,
As, sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes ;
And hear the beetle sound his horn ;
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel in the sky.

SPECIMENS OF THE AMERICAN POETS.

(Monthly Magazine, May.)

THE poetical attempts of the Americans have hitherto been known to us only by their failure, and by the severity with which our critics have attacked them, and, it must be allowed, not without reason, whenever they found a sufficient opportunity. Under all this weight of discouragement, that great nation has been as active in improving her talents and refining her taste, as in advancing her political prosperity; and she may now boast of possessing bards, whom she may present with pride and confidence to their rivals on this side the Atlantic. We are enabled to take a general view of their merits by the publication of an interesting volume, which has just issued from the press, under the title of "Specimens of the American Poets." From a work of this nature, comprising, as it must do, only the most select portions of different authors, we cannot, it is true, decide upon the mass of national literature from which it has been drawn; we are presented with beauties which have, perhaps, been laboriously sought for, and every deformity is as carefully concealed. But we may safely pronounce, that the mine from which so many beautiful and valuable materials have been drawn, must be intrinsically rich; and we feel indebted to the hand which has undertaken to collect its scattered produce, and place it before our eyes in the most advantageous light.

In point of literary dependence, America seems to be still a British colony, and to draw her supplies in a great degree, from the mother country. She has not yet thrown off the yoke of criticism; but, on the contrary, humbles herself under it, even to the discouragement of her native genius. It is unfashionable to find any merit in her homebred aspirants; and a fine taste can only be demonstrated by an exclusive preference of English talent. In the relative state of English and American letters this is certainly a natural inclination; but, as far as regards the English reader, it has an unfortunate tendency. To him the imi-

tation of English style and sentiment, to which it inevitably leads, is vapid and uninteresting; and he asks for those demonstrations of natural spirit and character, which would be regarded by the transatlantic critic with indifference or contempt. One original note is worth all the warblings of the Mocking-Bird, to ears which have been long familiar with his borrowed tunes.

In the immediate extracts which we proceed to give from the *Airs of Palestine*, by Mr. Pierpont, we find a very florid and ornamented style, varying from the old school of poetry only in some occasional flourishes, which cannot be considered as an improvement. The composition might pass it off very well for an English University prize poem. Mr. Pierpont exalts the powers of music, and thus, in one instance, exemplifies its effects:—

While thus the enthusiast roams along the stream,
Balanc'd between a reverie and a dream,
Backward he springs, and, thro' his bounding heart,
The cold and curdling poison seems to dart:
For in the leaves, beneath a quivering brake,
Spinning his death-note, lies a coiling snake,
Just in the act, with greenly-venom'd fangs,
To strike the foot, that heedless o'er him hangs;
Bloated with rage, on spiral folds he rides,
His rough scales shiver on his spreading sides;
Dusky and dim his glossy neck becomes,
And freezing poisons thicken on his gums;
His parch'd and hissing throat breathes hot and dry,
A spark of hell lies burning in his eye;
While like a vapour, o'er his writhing rings,
Whirls his light tail, and threatens while it sings.

Soon as dumb fear removes her icy fingers,
From off the heart, where gazing wonder lingers,
The pilgrim, shrinking from a doubtful fight,
Aware of danger too in sudden flight,
From his soft flute throws music's air around,
And meets his foe upon enchanted ground:
See! as the plaintive melody is flung,
The lightning-flash fades off the serpent's tongue;
The uncoiling reptile o'er each shining fold,
Throws changeful clouds of azure, green and gold;
A softer lustre twinkles in his eye;
His neck is burnish'd with a glossier dye,
His slippery scales grow smoother to the sight,
And his relaxing circles roll in light.
Slowly the charm retires; with waving sides,
Along its track the graceful listener glides;
While Music throws her silver cloud around,
And bears her votary off in magic folds of sound.

There is much smoothness and harmony in these verses. Some passages

remind us strongly of the Botanic Garden. Mr. Pierpont, indeed, seems to incline quite as much to Darwin as to Pope, in whose school the editor ranks him.

With one further extract we shall dismiss this portion of the volume, and certainly not without praise, if the admission may be tendered as praise of an American poem, that it might pass undetected for good English currency.

In the succeeding lines, Mr. Pierpont rises to the height of his argument, and acquits himself very creditably:—

In what rich harmony, what polish'd lays,
Should man address Thy throne, when Nature pays
Her wild, her tuneful tribute to the sky!
Yes, Lord, she sings thee, but she knows not why,
The fountain's gush, the long resounding shore,
The zephyr's whisper, and the tempest's roar,
The rustling leaf in autumn's fading woods,
The wintry storm, the rush of vernal floods,
The summer bower, by cooling breezes fann'd,
The torrent's fall, by dancing rainbows spann'd,
The streamlet, gurgling thro' its rocky glen,
The long grass sighing o'er the graves of men,
The bird that crests yon dew-bespangled tree,
Shakes his bright plumes, and trills his descant free,
The scorching bolt, that from thine armoury hurl'd,
Burns its red path, and cleaves a shrinking world;
All these are music to Religion's ear.
Music, thy hand awakes, for man to hear,—
Thy hand invested in their azure robes,
Thy breath made buoyant yonder circling globes,
That bound and blaze along the elastic wires,
That viewless vibrate on celestial lyres,
And in that high and radiant concave tremble,
Beneath whose dome adoring hosts assemble,
To catch the notes from those bright spheres that flow
Which mortals dream of, but which angels know.

The extracts with which the editor next presents us, are from the poem of "the Back Woodsman," by Mr. Paulding, for a full account of which we refer the reader to our Number for October last. Enough is conveyed by the very title and subject of this work, to convince us that the author is not one who will confine himself to the ancient common forms of European versification; and we therefore gladly follow him into the woods of the west, in the hope of being conducted through their mighty labyrinths by the hand of a spirited and original guide. This expectation will not be disappointed: Mr. Paulding's work is, at all events, characteristic of his country. There is in it a robust energy, which sustains it under many defects. Like a strong traveller, the poet walks manfully on

his way, little solicitous about the elegance of his motions. As an appropriate subject for the exercise of his powers, we shall select his description of a tempest; and we shall subjoin some other lines, none of which were quoted in our article above alluded to:

A distant, half-heard murmur caught the ear,
Each moment waxing louder and more near;
A dark obscurity spread all around,
And more than twilight seem'd to veil the ground,
While not a leaf e'en of the aspen stirr'd,
And not a sound, but that low moan, was heard;
There is a moment when the boldest heart,
That would not stoop an inch to 'scape Death's dart,
That never shrunk from certain danger here,
Will quail and shiver with an agonish fear;
'Tis when some unknown mischief hovers nigh,
And Heav'n itself seems threat'ning from on high.

Brave was our Basil, as became a man,
Yet still his blood a little cooler ran,
'Twixt fear and wonder, at that murmur drear,
That every moment wax'd more loud and near.
The riddle soon was read—at last it came,
And Nature trembled to her inmost frame;
The forest roar'd, the everlasting oak
In writhing agonies the storm bespoke,
'The live leaves scattered wildly every where,'
Whirl'd round in madd'ning circles in the air,
The stoutest limbs were scatter'd all around,
The stoutest trees a stouter master found,
Crackling and crashing, down they thund'ring go,
And seem to crush the shrinking rocks below;
Then the thick rain in gathering torrents pour'd,
Higher the river rose and louder roar'd,
And on its dark, quick eddying surface bore
The gather'd spoils of earth along its shore,
While trees that not an hour before had stood
The lofty monarchs of the stately wood,
Now whirling round and round with furious force,
And shiver like a reed by urchin broke
Through idle mischief, or with heedless stroke;
A hundred cataracts, unknown before,
Rush down the mountain's side with fearful roar,
And, as with foaming fury down they go,
Loose the firm rocks, and thunder them below,
Blue lightnings from the dark cloud's bosom sprung,
Like serpents menacing with forked tongue,
While many a sturdy oak that stiffly brav'd
The threat'ning hurricane that round it rav'd,
Shiver'd beneath its bright resistless flash,
Came tumbling down amain with fearful crash.
Air, earth and skies, seem'd now to try their power,
And struggle for the mastery of the hour;
Higher the waters rose, and blacker still,
And threaten'd soon the narrow vale to fill.

As a contrast to this picture, we shall give a sketch of a different scene, which will be sufficient to convey an idea of Mr. Paulding's merit. His poetry is consistent with the rest of his character, which stands high for ability. This is the extent of the praise we can bestow upon him; and we are disposed to think that his poetical faculties are not

those of which he has most reason to be proud :—

'Twas evening now,—the hour of toil was o'er,
Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore,
Lest watchful Indian crew should silent creep,
And spring upon, and murder them in sleep;
So thro' the livelong night they held their way,
And 'twas a night might shame the fairest day,—
So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,
They car'd not tho' the day ne'er came again;
The moon high wheel'd the distant hills above,
Silver'd the fleecy foliage of the grove,
That as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,
Whisper'd it lov'd the gentle visit well;
That fair-fac'd orb alone to move appear'd,
That zephyr was the only sound they heard;
No deep-mouth'd hound the hunter's haunt betray'd,
No lights upon the shore, or waters play'd,
No loud laugh broke upon the silent air,
To tell the wand'ring man was nestling there;
While even the froward babe in mother's arms,
Lull'd by the scene, suppress'd its loud alarms,
And, yielding to that moment's tranquil sway,
Sunk on the breast, and slept its rage away.
All—all was still—on gliding barque and shore,
As if the earth now slept to wake no more;
Life seem'd extinct, as when the world first smil'd,
Ere Adam was a dupe, or Eve beguil'd.

A light satirical poem follows, written in the manner of Don Juan, and not without effect, entitled "Fanny." It is published anonymously; a precaution for which the writer might have his private reasons within the walls of New-York; and, indeed, we do not know that his name would have been a very powerful accessory, if it made no stronger an impression on English ears than those of Dabney, Maxwell, Bryant, and Eastburn, to whose names we are next introduced. Yet are all these gentlemen respectable practitioners in different departments of their art. Mr. Dabney's peculiar vocation appears to be to the inditing of western battle songs, in which he certainly displays considerable vigour; but, unquestionably, more in the style of an Indian chief giving the war-whoop, than of Tyrtæus of old, or of our own Campbell. The genius of Mr. Maxwell is of a more classical turn, and adopts, for the most part, light and epigrammatic subjects. Mr. Eastburn's work is an imitation of Scott's poems. It is called "Yamoyden, a Tale of the Wars of King Philip;" by which latter appellation our readers must apprehend not the object of their juvenile studies, in the history of Greece, but an unfortunate North-American chieftain, whose

exploits and catastrophe are highly romantic and interesting. Of Mr. Bryant it still remains to speak, and we have no hesitation in assigning to him the superiority over all his countrymen of whom we have any knowledge. His poetry, according to the subject, is full of energy and sweetness. From the pieces called, "The Ages," and "Thanatopsis," we could select many proofs of the former quality, but we prefer extracting a short poem, executed with a great degree of grace and facility, and abounding with beautiful imagery, the perusal of which will, we think, justify all that we have said in Mr. Bryant's favour :—

The Green River.

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their tinge to the wave they drink;
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have nam'd the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters, its shallows are bright,
With colour'd pebbles, and sparkles of light;
And clear the depths where the eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away;
And the plane's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root;
Thro' whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill,
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond stone.
Oh! loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air,
And the swimmer comes, in the season of heat,
To bathe in these waters so pure and sweet.

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,
Beautiful stream! by the village side,
But windest away from the haunts of men,
To silent valley and shaded glen;
And forest and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still;
Lonely—save when, by their rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides;
Or the simpler comes, with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy bank to look;
Or haply some idle dreamer like me,
To wander—and muse—and gaze on thee.
Still—save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river-cherry and seedy reed...
And thy own wild music—gushing out
With mellow murmur, or fairy shout...
From dawn to the blush of another day...
Like traveller singing along his way—
That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear...
And mark them winding away from sight...
Darken'd with shade, or flashing with light:
While o'er thee the vine to the thicket clings,

And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings ;
 But I wish that fate had left me free
 To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
 Till the eating cares of earth should depart...
 And the peace of the scene pass into my heart ;
 And I envy thy stream as it glides along,
 Through its beautiful banks, in a trance of song.
 Tho' fore'd to drudge for the dregs of men...
 And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen ;
 And mingle among the jostling crowd,
 Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud ;
 I sometimes come to this quiet place,
 To breathe the air that ruffles thy face,
 And gaze upon thee in silent dream ;
 For, in thy lonely and lovely stream,
 An image of that calm life appears,
 That won my heart in my greener years.

We fully agree with the editor in the partiality with which he regards Mr. Bryant's productions ; one more of which we are tempted to present to the reader, who, without any commendation of ours, will not fail to do justice to its beauties.

To a Water-Fowl.

Whither, 'midst falling dew...
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far thro' their rosy depths dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?
 Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong...
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.
 Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake—or maze of river wide—
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chaf'd ocean side?
 There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
 The desert and illimitable air,—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.
 All day thy wings have fann'd,
 At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere ;
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Tho' the dark night is near.
 And soon that toil shall end,
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
 Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.
 'Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallow'd up thy form : yet on my heart

Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides thro' the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

A variety of fugitive pieces, drawn from different sources, conclude this pleasing epitome of American genius, our opinion of which, after the details already given, it is hardly necessary further to express. Its publication will, we have no doubt, have the effect of redeeming the poetical character of that nation from the neglect, and, we may say, the contempt, with which it has hitherto been treated amongst us ; and thus lead the way to more strenuous efforts on their part, and more honorable achievements. Destined as they are to sustain a part of unparalleled interest and dignity in the future annals of the world, we rejoice at every indication of their advancing cultivation and refinement ; and we look forward to the time when the lustre of their literary triumphs shall give ample demonstration, that despotic power and courtly associations are as little requisite for the splendour and embellishment of a great country, as they have long since proved them to be for its prosperity and protection.

We may remark in conclusion, that the duties which the editor has prescribed to himself, are performed in a very satisfactory manner. In his preface, and in the remarks prefixed to the different poems, he displays a fair and liberal spirit of criticism ; and we feel convinced that the English public, and the stranger bards with whom he has been instrumental in making them acquainted, will esteem themselves mutually indebted to him for this seasonable and agreeable introduction.

Monthly Magazine, May.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Specimens of American Poets, 7s.

When we consider the influence that America is likely one day to exert over Europe, we cannot but take a lively interest in every thing that is connected with its refinement, and what we may call its civilization ; for it is not merely a flourishing commerce, or any other means of accumulating wealth, that can entitle a people to the epithet of civilized. Under these impressions, we should certainly be inclined to look upon the "Specimens of the American Poets" with a favourable eye, even were their own merits much inferior to what this volume exhibits. The first piece in the collection is "Airs of Palestine," by Mr. Pierpont, a poem in the heroic measure, displaying more study than we generally meet with in the poetry of a rising country, and, perhaps on that very account, less fire. "The Backwoodman" of Mr. Paulding is the next : a poem which first gave the

idea to English readers, that American writers could be poetical, and which abounds with vivid and poetical descriptions. Of "Fanny," a poem in the "Beppo" style, we have already given our opinion, in a former number of the critical department of this work. It appears to more advantage as a fragment, the parts that are now curtailed being the parts which gave it the air of coarseness of which we complained at the time that it came under our notice. To this anonymous writer succeeds Mr. Dabney, whose poems savour of the metaphysical turn of Pope's *Essay on Man*, with the difference of being less correct and pithy. He cannot lay claim to much originality, any more than Mr. Maxwell, who imitates Waller, and our elder poets, in the style of their little gallant effusions. The next candidate on the list is Mr. Bryant, for whom the editor seems anxious to claim the highest place among the American poets : but as he has not given the lines on which he chiefly founds his admiration, we feel inclined to prefer the effusions of Mr. Eastburn, and his friend who has taken a part in the composition of "*Yamoyden, a Tale of the Wars of King Philip*." The stanzas of this modest anonymous assistant are replete with beauty of sentiment, and display a harmony of numbers far beyond what the generality of American writers have yet attained command of. The whole poem, prefaced by an interesting memoir of the author, is commented on by Dr. Drake in his "*Evenings in Autumn*," in a manner that will be sure to recommend it to the notice of the public, and which renders much remark on it in this place unnecessary. The fugitive poetry at the end of the volume does not present any thing very striking ; but altogether the "*Specimens*" exhibit a very gratifying promise of future excellence in the transatlantic votaries of the Muse.

(Literary Gazette, May 18.)

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE ;

FROM THE PAPERS OF THE LATE ARTHUR AUSTIN.

THE second part of the above title is merely gratuitous and unnecessary : no living writer needed to be ashamed of this volume, and there never was the Arthur Austin to have its wreaths bound upon his tomb. The author is evidently the same with the author of *Adam Blair* ; and probably Mr. Wilson. This, however, is a surmise, and of little consequence ; for we have to do with the work, and not with its anonymous origin.

It consists of twenty-four Tales founded on Scottish manners and sentiments ; of unequal merit, but all evincing talents of the foremost order. The *Shadows* indeed predominate over the *Lights* ; but as it is better to visit the house of mourning than the house of mirth, so may it sometimes be more healthful for the soul, and even more delightful as a recreation, to surrender ourselves to the records of sorrow, than to revel among the lively sallies of merriment and pleasantry. We say this after a trial to which ordinary readers are not exposed ; for it is one of the pains incident to our situation, that we cannot dwell long & at due intervals on books which we enjoy, but are forced on, doing them and ourselves injustice, to devour their whole contents, so as to be fully able to report their characters to a public which it is our pride never

wittingly to mislead, and which we gratefully know does us the justice to appreciate this not very easy service.

Three of these Tales (*The Elder's Funeral*, *The Snow-Storm*, and *the Forgers*) have previously appeared ; all, we believe, in *Blackwood's Magazine* ;† the rest are quite new, and, without entering upon a general criticism, deserve to be called excellent in conception, composition, power, and pathos. As pictures of society, and portraits of a race of beings fast, we fear, wearing away, if not already as if they had never been, in the villages and the wilds of Scotland, they appeal most touchingly to the heart ; and we will venture to predict that many a rugged nature will melt before the simple and affecting annals of these humble actors in the sad dramas of life in which they are raised to—no, not to fret and strut—but to endure their hour in patient suffering and pious resignation. Such is the tenor of the author's way. Sadness, and even gloom, seem congenial to his moods of mind ; he is the *Heraclitus* of the lonely and rural retreat, though without the austerity of the philosopher. Perhaps the religious cast of his opinions is rather more strong than we admire in productions of mere fiction. The name of God is

† See *Atheneum*, vol. x. p. 273, &c.

so frequently invoked, as sometimes, we think, to be almost taken in vain ; and even in the most solemn imaginings of human misery, we are loth to have the sacred and blessed names of the Saviour too commonly or irreverently introduced. We are convinced that no irreverence is meant, and that, on the contrary, this blemish proceeds from the intensity of an opposite feeling, but still we deem it a duty to enter our protest against the habit here carried to an excess.

The first story, "The Lily of Liddesdale," is a Scotch-Arcadian Shep-

herdess, a species of creature which we fancy does not infest the glens of the Highlands ; but allowing for the inherent right of creating in an author, (and ours is exceedingly partial to Shepherdesses) it is a poetical, simple and affecting narrative. The next, entitled "Moss-Side," is to our apprehension exquisitely natural and pathetic, while it is only a striking delineation of, we trust, a still numerous class of the northern population of Britain. In fairness to the author, and in kindness to our readers, we cannot do better than quote this beautiful tale.

MOSS SIDE.

Gilbert Ainslie was a poor man ; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing grey. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied ; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labour, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life ; but although sometimes severely tried, he had never repined ; and through all the mist and gloom, and even the storms that had assailed him, he had lived on from year to year in that calm and resigned contentment which unconsciously cheers the hearthstone of the blameless poor. With his own hands he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who, even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father in the fields. Out of doors or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well ; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or a garment worn there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. Gilbert Ainslie was a slave, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thralldom under which he lived God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity,

but not austere ; to make his smiles fewer, but more heartfelt ; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals ; and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay withal, her heaven was in her house ; and her gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three ; and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them respectably, so did they give them who died a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up, for a while, some of their daily comforts, for the sake of the dead ; and bought, with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mournings, worn on Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons were farm-servants in the neighbourhood, while three daughters and two sons remained at home, growing, or grown up, a small, happy, hard-working household.

Many cottages are there in Scotland like Moss-side, and many such humble and virtuous cottagers as were now beneath its roof of straw. The eye of the passing traveller may mark them, or mark them not, but they stand peacefully in thousands over all the land ; and most beautiful do they make it, through all its wide valleys and narrow glens,—its low holms encircled by the rocky walls of some bonny burn,—its

green mounts elated with their little crowning groves of plane-trees,—its yellow cornfields, its bare pastoral hillsides, and all its heathy moors, on whose black bosom lie shining or concealed glades of excessive verdure, inhabited by flowers, and visited only by the far-flying bees. Moss-side was not beautiful to a careless or hasty eye; but when looked on and surveyed, it seemed a pleasant dwelling. Its roof, overgrown with grass and moss, was almost as green as the ground out of which its weather-stained walls appeared to grow. The moss behind it was separated from a little garden, by a narrow slip of arable land, the dark colour of which showed that it had been won from the wild by patient industry, and by patient industry retained. It required a bright sunny day to make Moss-side fair; but then it was fair indeed; and when the little brown moorland birds were singing their short songs among the rushes and the heather, or a lark, perhaps lured hither by some green barley-field for its undisturbed nest, rose ringing all over the enlivened solitude, the little bleak farm smiled like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity. The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pinks and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men farther down in the cultivated strath, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moor-land; and the smell of roses mixed well with that of the clover, the beautiful fair clover that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

In this cottage, Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and Heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it

be in infancy, youth, or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features. The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wistful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor. The daughter, who was out at service, came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work in their grief, and their servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when nature is sick,—sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potatoe-field beyond the brae, with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music, that always breathed up when most wanted; glad and joyous in common talk,—sweet, silvery, and mournful, when it joined in hymn and psalm. One after another, they all continued going up to the bed-side, and then coming away sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in a meadow-field, or like a butterfly with shut wings on a flower, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy, now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible to the words of endearment whispered around her, or the kisses dropt with tears, in spite of themselves, on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections; but a deep, constant, and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away.—Their souls are not moved by fits and starts, although, indeed, nature sometimes wrestles with necessity; and there

is a wise moderation both in the joy and the grief of the intelligent poor, which keeps lasting trouble away from their earthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for Heaven.

"Do you think the child is dying?" said Gilbert with a calm voice to the surgeon, who, on his wearied horse, had just arrived from another sick-bed, over the misty range of hills; and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well, in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied, "While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear in the last extremity." There was no loud lamentation at these words—all had before known, though would not confess it to themselves, what they now were told—and though the certainty that was in the words of the skilful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears, yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror. There were wandering and wavering and dreamy delirious phantasies in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rending to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the lown and sunny side of the Birk-knowe. She was too much exhausted—there was too little life—too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune; but some of her words seemed to be from favourite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third psalm:

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bed-side, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen, for a while in silence. In

about a quarter of an hour, they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare after your day's travel of toil and humanity." In a short silent half hour, the potatoes and oat-cakes, butter and milk, were on the board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened, but manly hand, with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them,—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

While they were at their silent meal a horseman came galloping to the door, and with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned its head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off. Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time, a half upbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former colour. "I feared," said the youth, with a tear in his eye—"I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet, would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid, at that moment, to read it; at length, he said aloud to the surgeon: "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if

justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonour." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence. At this moment his wife came from her child's bed-side, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind the money, that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison. Though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus, when our bairn is dying, and when, if so it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it from him, without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear towards her child, and, thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bed-side.

Another hour of trial past, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter: "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a ribband and an ivory comb that she had bought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball. And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy, nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him; for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as

he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," said the old man; "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer door gently opened, and he, whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath, the minister of Auchindown never left his Manse, except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed-room, and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave: I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and, when she wakes, I hope—I believe—that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short, palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isabel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy. The clock, for some days, had been prevented from striking the hours; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honoured minister took the book;

He waled a portion with judicious care:
And let us worship God, he said, with solemn air.

A chapter was read—a prayer said;—and so, too, was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another; and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Gracious, indeed, has he been to us. Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing, singing Margaret, worth all the gold that ever was mined? If we had had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold, rather than she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles?" There was no reply; but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

"Never mind the letter, nor the debt, father," said the eldest daughter. "We have all some little thing of our own—a few pounds—and we shall be able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance. Or if they do take our furniture out of the house, all except Margaret's bed, who cares? We will sleep on the floor; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring. We need fear nothing; blessed be God for all his mercies."

Gilbert went into the sick-room, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart blessed beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," said he mildly, "is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it aloud to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie £1500. "The sum," said Gilbert, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large

enough to turn heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe, that, with it, I may buy this very farm, on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose providence has sent this temporal blessing, may he send us wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all."

"You will be able to send me to school all the year round now, father," said the youngest boy. "And you may leave the flail to your sons now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work for young sinews; and you may sit now oftener in your arm chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep threshing corn in the barn for hours by candle-light, before the late dawning."

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed could scarcely be said to have slept; and when about morning little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy groupe were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

LORD BYRON—An unpleasant affray, in which Lord Byron and several English gentlemen have been engaged at Pisa, has been mentioned in the daily newspapers. The circumstances we

have reason to believe were briefly these. His Lordship and his friends, in a morning ride, were insulted by a Military person, and high words ensued. Lord B. from his uniform, mis-

taking the aggressor for an officer, offered him his card ; but it was afterwards discovered that his rank did not entitle him to this privilege, and that he was only a quarter-master sergeant without a commission. The results of this matter were disputes and tumults ; till at length, on the day following the original contest, a serious rencounter took place, in which several of the parties being thrown down, the Italian was wounded, we are sorry to say, so severely, that his life is in the greatest danger. Such is the account derived from letters written by Lord Byron, who does not seem to contemplate any more disagreeable consequences, or any thing to render his leaving Pisa expedient.

ANECDOTES.

A French traveller lately ventured to the summit of a glacier in the Canton of Glarus, which is 8925 feet high and covered with ice. Before he reached the top, a glance into the immense abyss so affected the novice in climbing mountains, that he declared to the guide he was unable to move either backwards or forwards. All persuasion was fruitless ; he burst into tears, exclaimed he should be starved to death, took out his pocket-book and wrote his last will, which he committed to the guide, with the necessary directions how and where to deliver it. Happily the latter succeeded in procuring assistance ; but it was only by employing violence that they were able to force back into the world the adventurer who had achieved so whimsical and yet so distressing a dilemma.

The young Marquis L— recently won 20,000 florins in the house of a nobleman at Florence where a Farobank was clandestinely kept, and went away with it after midnight. Observing that he was followed by two men in disguise, he hastily took refuge in a guard-house and related his adventure, begging at the same time that a soldier might accompany him home. The Corporal immediately consented, but first went out under the pretext of looking for the pursuers, in reality to concert with the three soldiers the plunder of the stranger. They stopped his mouth, took the money from him, and

then threw him into the river. While these villains were dividing their prize, three persons masked suddenly entered, declared that they knew every thing, and that if the money was not shared with them, they would instantly give information to the Police. The soldiers were obliged to comply ; and a new division was making when a Patrol entered the room. The officer took the whole company to the principal guard-house, where they found young L— dripping wet : he being an expert swimmer had saved himself, and given information of the circumstance. The 20,000 florins were recovered from the robbers, who were led to prison, where they expect their punishment.

MONUMENT TO FOUR GREAT MEN.

In a small private chapel in Bristol, there is a marble tablet, on which there is the following inscription, to the memory of four of the greatest friends of humanity that perhaps ever lived. It was written by a late worthy individual, John Birtel on hearing of Lord Nelson's victory off Trafalgar.

" John Howard,
Jonas Hanway,
John Fothergill,
Richard Reynolds.

" Not unto us, O Lord ! but unto thy name, be the glory.

" Beneath some ample, hallowed dome,
The warrior's bones are laid ;
And blazon'd on the stately tomb,
His martial deeds displayed.
Beneath an humble roof we place
This monumental tomb,
To names the poor shall ever bless,
And charity shall own.

To soften human woe their care,
To feel its sigh, to aid its prayer ;
Their work on earth, not to destroy ;
And their reward, their Master's joy."

A very extraordinary decision, affecting literary property and the freedom of enquiry, took place within the month. It will be remembered that Mr. William Lawrence, the eminent London surgeon, sometime since published his eloquent Lectures delivered at Surgeon's Hall ; and, as Mr. L. denied the evidence of any *immaterial* principle of sensation and life, some zealots in the governorship of Bethlem Hospital voted his expulsion from that establishment. Unwilling to be the scape-goat of a physico-theological ques-

tion, in which science is opposed by faith, Mr. Lawrence modestly withdrew his book from circulation; and, in consequence, the copies already sold fetched exorbitant prices. Of this circumstance some speculating publishers took advantage, and several cheap editions appeared. Mr. Lawrence sought of course to assert his authorial rights, by an appeal to the Court of Chancery for an injunction: which being refused on the ground that the doctrines ought not to be protected, the cheap editions remain in circulation! A circumstance equally ridiculous has occurred about Lord Byron's *Cain*.—The Chancellor refused his protection of the author's right, owing to some metaphysical scruples, and five or six editions, some as low as 1s. 6d. are in consequence on sale.

ADMIRAL BYNG.

MR. EDITOR—Whatever may have been the opinions, public or private, upon the late publication of Lord Orford's Memoirs, one of the most interesting parts of them is his relation of the persecution and death of Admiral Byng; and I therefore presume that some further particulars of the last moments of that devoted hero, may not be unacceptable to your readers. These facts were communicated to me by the servant who attended him and took his orders. This person had, for the fortnight previous to the mortal catastrophe, scarcely been permitted to sleep, being continually on horseback carrying despatches, so that on the fatal morning, he was waked by his master with, "Come, sleeper, 'tis the last morning I shall trouble you." In the course of dressing he exchanged his gold sleeve buttons for those of his faithful domestic, and was careful, in giving him his wardrobe and other things, to do it in the presence of a relative, that no dispute might arise. The coat in which he was shot was a favourite; two or three had been consigned to his valet before this fell into his hands, and was selected for the occasion. It is of a drab colour, and shows the marks of long service, as well as the perforations of the balls which passed through it: it is now in possession of Sarah Hutchins, daughter of his valet.

The gallant Admiral gave to each of

the marines appointed to the task of putting the sentence of the law into execution, a half-guinea piece; then speaking to his valet for the last time, said, "Hutchins, when I fall, throw my morning gown over me;—I should be sorry they saw my blood." This was accordingly done; and it is said he bled inwardly, so that no blood did appear.

ORIGIN OF TURBANS.

The Eastern custom of wearing turbans, came from the Levantines on this occasion: "The Barbarians fighting with the Grecian army at a great disadvantage at Thermopylæ, found there was no other remedy but that some few should force the narrow passage, while the main body of the army might escape. There were brave spirits who undertook it; knowing they went to an inevitable death, they had care of nothing but sepulture, which of old was much regarded; wherefore each of them carried his winding sheet wrapped about his head, and then, with the loss of their own lives, saved their fellows; whereupon, for an honourable memorial of that exploit, the Levantines used to wrap white linen about their heads; which custom was adopted by the Turks."

ANECDOTE.

During the times of the very severe penal laws against the Roman Catholics in Ireland, it is little wonder that they were almost all Jacobites, or suspected to be so. Their priests, from their foreign education, were peculiarly objects of suspicion. On one occasion, a priest, whose jovial manners rendered him a welcome guest even at tables where his politics were not acceptable, dined with a freehearted loyalist in the county of Tipperary. He sat next the host, and immediately under him a dragoon officer. After dinner the master of the house gave "The King," adding with a smile, as he turned to his neighbour, "but not your King, by G—." The priest instantly turned to the officer, and, glass in hand, gave, "The King, but not your king, by G—." "How, Sir!" cried the dragoon, very angrily, "what do you mean by such a toast?" "I don't know," answered the priest, "ask the gentleman at the head of the table, for I give it as he gave it to me."

Intelligence.

Mr. MONTGOMERY, the poet, will publish in a few days a work entitled "Songs of Zion," being imitations of the Psalms in verse.

Malpas; by the author of the "Cavalier"—Roche Blanc, by Miss A. M. PORTER—The Refugees, by the author of "Correction"—and Tales of the Manor, by Mrs. HOFLAND, are nearly ready for publication.

Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry, by Mr. WM. WIRT, of Richmond, Virginia, is reprinting from the American edition.

The famous Madame Krüdner, who a few years back gave so much trouble to the orthodox Swiss and German authorities, is now in Petersburg, where she holds frequent prayer meetings at her house, and it is said they are still frequented by many fanatics.

A very extraordinary hail-storm is recorded in the last *Philosophical Magazine* to have happened in Russia: the stones, says the recorder of this truly Muscovite storm, were so large and hard, that they killed a flock of two hundred sheep, and severely maimed the shepherd that attended them!

Mr. Mathews, it is said, is going to America: we wish he would consider of it and stay at Home. The full tide of popularity is with him, and it is unwise to leave the tide.

The Strasburgh Journal mentions the performances of one Christophe, whom it calls the greatest mimic in France, being able to change his physionomy into forty-five different countenances.

A dreadful hail-storm lately ravaged the cities of Orchies, St. Amand, Conde, Landrecies, and the adjacent country. In some places the hailstones weighed *twelve ounces*, and when dissolved produced more than half a pint of water! The noise of their fall was dreadful, and resembled an earthquake. Vegetation was utterly destroyed where the tempest raged most furiously; persons were wounded; and the birds, especially the partridges, almost all perished. It is a strange cause of distress, but the village of Hergnies, which carried on a considerable traffic in the supply of game, is ruined by the latter.

The author of Headlong Hall, and of several other well known and entertaining productions, has just added to them another very pleasant volume, entitled, *Maid Marian*, full of the same whimsical kind of satire and quaint humour with which his other works abound. Out of the venerable materials composing the ancient ballads and plays on the story of Robin Hood, he has chosen as much as suited his fancy, and, throwing in some well-imagined dispositions of his own, he has connected a tale, which, though the subject of it be more than thrice-told, is certainly by no means tedious. We are to receive as authentic such of the old legends as represent Robin to have been the outlawed

Earl of Huntingdon, and Maid Marian is no other than Matilda, the daughter of Baron Fitzwater, who, being betrothed to the earl before his expulsion, follows him faithfully into the greenwood, to partake his fallen estate. Friar Tuck is excellently personified by Father Michael of Rabygill Abbey, "a joke-cracking, bottle-cracking, skull-cracking friar," who sings an excellent song, and excommunicates his enemies from venison and brawn. The snatches of songs, scattered through the pages, are turned with great spirit and cleverness, and contribute not a little to the exhilarating qualities of this very amusing volume.

It is with great pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to an important work, which has lately made its appearance, under the comprehensive title of—*Europe, or a General Survey of the present Situation of the Principal Powers, with conjectures on their future Prospects; by a Citizen of the United States*. In all probability the writer of this volume has assumed in his title-page the privileges of an American citizen as a *nom de guerre*, and indeed his style is by no means that of a transatlantic author. The view which he takes of the present state of Europe, (and a more interesting period has perhaps never existed in its annals,) is highly liberal, and we think in the main soundly philosophic. He contends that the momentous changes which have been wrought within the last half century, in the political condition of almost all the kingdoms of Europe, have proceeded from none of those temporary and local causes, to which the wishes of despots would gladly attribute them; but have been induced by the operation of the great principles of enlightened freedom and improved knowledge which are still in progress, and from which our author anticipates still mightier effects. The chapter on Great Britain contains much valuable remark, with nothing of that harsh spirit which has been displayed by some of the American writers, when treating of our institutions in comparison with their own. Many parts of this volume are written with considerable eloquence.

We have a flourishing instance of "the most high and palmy state" to which the art of romance-writing has attained amongst the French, in the *Renegade*, translated from the original of M. LE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT, which, in its native language, is running rapidly through successive editions. For this extraordinary success we can perceive some temporary reasons. It contains, in the person of its hero, a mental and physiognomical portrait of Bonaparte; a little varied, but sufficiently like to leave no doubt of the identity; and it is replete with allusions to the late invasion of France, and other political topics of recent occurrence. The execution is altogether in the French taste for display and theatrical effect. It is the work of a man of genius.